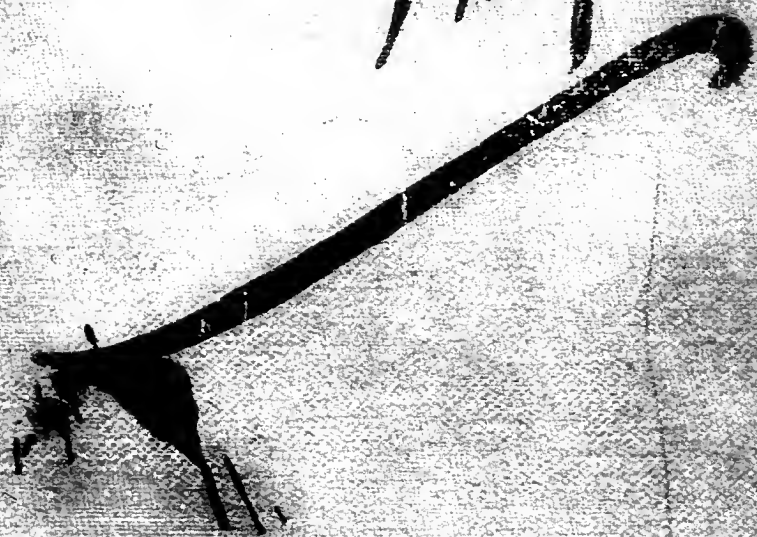


The Professor's Wife



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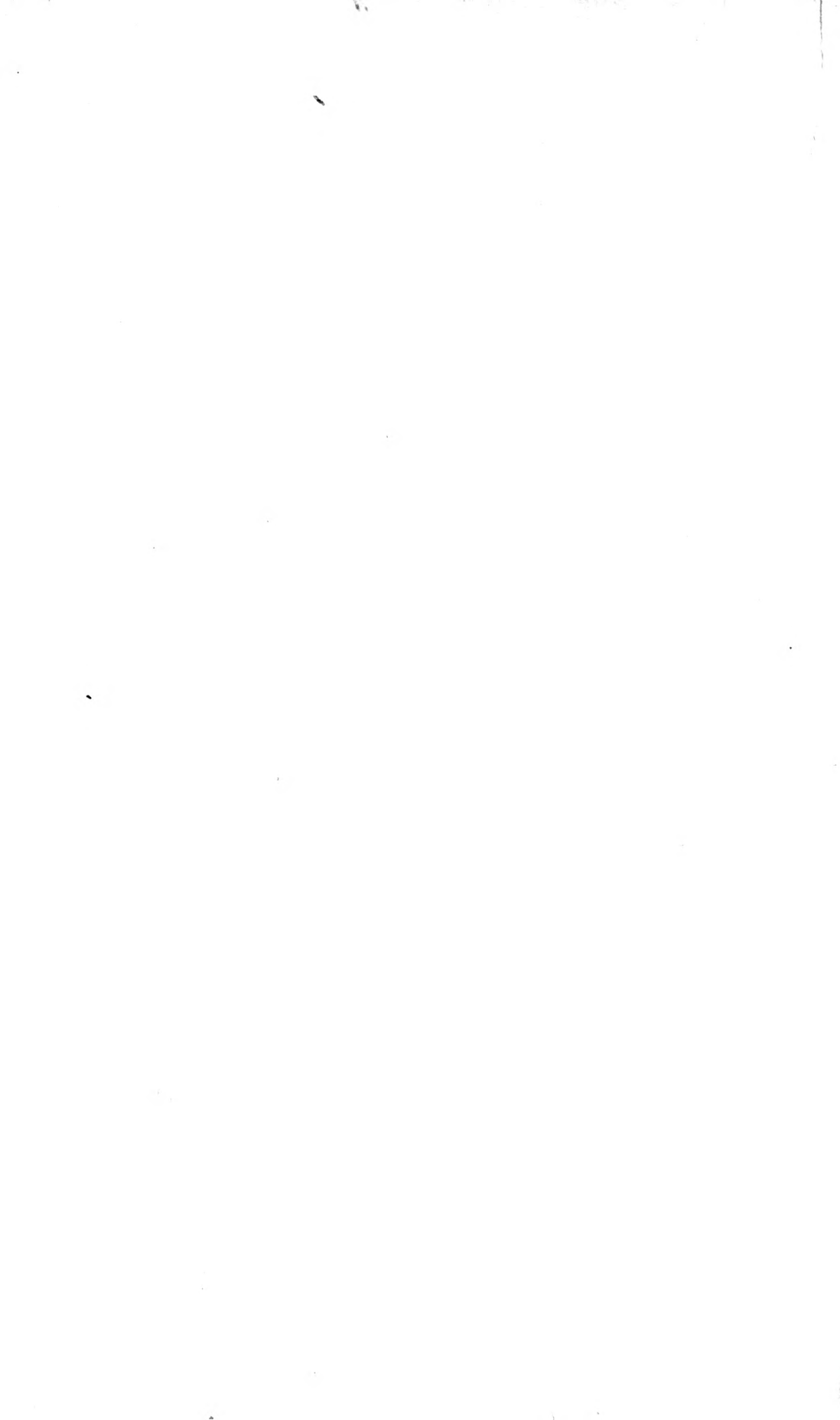
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THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

THE
PROFESSOR'S WIFE

A Tale of Black Forest Life

By
BERTHOLD AUERBACH

TRANSLATED BY
F.E. HYNAM

LONDON :
HENRY J. DRANE
(YE OLD ST. BRIDE'S PRESSE)
SALISBURY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE,
FLEET STREET, E.C.

Op. EL

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH, the author of "The Professor's Wife," was born in February, 1812, at Nordstetten, a village in the Wurtemberg part of the Black Forest. His parents were Jewish, and he received his education at the Talmud school of Hechingen and at Karlsruhe. Later he went to Stuttgart, where he remained until 1832. He also studied at the Universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg.

He had been destined for the Jewish synagogue, but he early abandoned theology for law. Then the study of jurisprudence proving uncongenial, he turned from it to history and philosophy, studying the latter subject at Munich under the tuition of Schelling.

In 1836, he was imprisoned for several months in the fortress of Hohenasperg, as a member of the students' Burschenschaft, and whilst here began his biographical romance, "Spinoza, ein Denkerleben," which was published in 1837. Although a sincere believer in his religion, he was ever tolerant towards those whose religious opinions differed from his; he

felt deeply the unreasoning hatred with which the Jews were regarded both by their rulers and their fellow-citizens. The first work from his pen, "Das Judentum und die neueste Litteratur," published in 1836, was an attempt to refute the calumnies on the Jews as enemies of the German Fatherland. In it he urged his co-religionists to do all in their power to promote intellectual progress, and pointed with pride to the services they had already rendered to literature.

Auerbach was a great student of Sir Walter Scott's novels and it is said they exercised a great influence over him. He formed the idea of describing Jewish life in various countries and at various times. His first book on this subject was "Dichter und Kaufmann," which appeared in 1839, two years after the publication of "Spinoza." The characters in this work are more skilfully and vividly pictured than in "Spinoza"; some of them are the finest he ever drew. In this book he pleads the cause of his own nation for social and political freedom, and he continues his efforts on their behalf in his philosophical novels, "Liebe Menschen" and "Was ist Gluck?"

In 1840 he undertook a translation of Spinoza's works from the Latin, and finished it in a year and a-half. His critical biography of the author, which forms the introduction

to this work, clears up many points hitherto shrouded in obscurity.

In 1843 he published "Der gebildete Bürger," a work advocating the duty of self-culture among the working-classes. He now devoted himself to an entirely different kind of literature, taking as his subject German village life. The first volume of these tales, which appeared in 1848, under the title "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," gave him not only a German but a European reputation, and a place in the front rank of writers of fiction. These tales were in a way a new departure in German literature. Pestalozzi, Immermann, Brentano, and others had already written village tales, but with a different end in view. In Auerbach's work the artistic element is prominent. He tells the story of the people amongst whom his youth was passed, not merely chronicling the lives of individuals, but often dealing with the moral, social, and political questions affecting the community. He knew well the scenes he described in these tales, and he described them with a rare fidelity to nature, his wonderful genius giving a wider meaning to the struggles and aspirations of the peasants.

One of the most popular and perhaps the best known of these village tales is "The Professor's Wife," which, published in 1847,

IV CONCERNING THE AUTHOR

firmly established the author's fame as a novelist. Auerbach brought an action against Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer for dramatising this story under the title of "In Dorf und Stadt," but failed to establish his rights. The play, however made, his name more widely known, and increased the sale of his works. He continues the story in "Lorle's Reinhard."

His writings number about forty volumes ; he also contributed several valuable critical papers on literature and art to the periodicals and newspapers. His most considerable novel is "Auf die Höhe." "Das Landhaus am Rhine," published in 1869, and "Walfried," published in 1874, are both political.

Auerbach was industrious and painstaking, the work on hand was never absent from his thoughts night or day, and he never began one piece of work before another was finished. "Few authors," says a writer, "can show a more worthy record of an industrious life and a fertile genius. Each book marks a change in the experience of the writer, a steady growth in ability to master his intellectual materials, and a higher and broader view of literary art. He wields as he advances a more facile pen, and his genius takes up the crude substance of life and nature, moulding them at his will according to its own universal laws. He is no

longer a Jew or a German, but an interpreter of universal human experience."

His life was one of almost continued literary activity. He died at Cannes in February, 1882, a few days before his seventieth birthday, and was buried at Nordstetten, the scene of many of his stories.

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THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE :

A Tale of Black Forest Life.

CHAPTER I.

TWO VISITORS ARRIVE.

THE landlord of The Calves sat at the window of the little room that overlooked the garden. His elbows were resting on the sill, his head rested on his hands. He had, according to his wont, twined his feet round the front legs of his chair, as though he intended taking root there; for when once mine host had seated himself, it required a hurricane to make him move from his place.

It is true that now he sits there no longer ; it is years since any hand was able to harm him, yet in his time his hand caused pain to many. The saying went that if the landlord struck a man on the head, the hair never grew there again ; so out of compassion, he always planted his blows on the nape of the neck : there they drew no blood, and still caused sufficient pain.

Was the landlord of The Calves, then, a bully? By no means. He was peaceable and good-natured as man could be, but that did not

prevent him, when occasion required, from dealing out blows with clenched fists.

Properly speaking, mine host was not the landlord of The Calves, but the landlord of The Limes, a title to which, from the limes before his house, and on the sign over his door, he had the clearest right. As to the former name—well, that is a matter not willingly mentioned. Yet there was nothing mysterious about it, or about its origin, nor was any secret made of it, even in the landlord's presence. Know, then, that from the knee-joint down to the ankle, the calves of mine host of The Limes were exceedingly stout : hence his name.

We can now seat ourselves quietly at his side, but we must make haste about it, for there will soon be a great halloo in house and village, and all on account of two travellers.

The landlord sat still, and let his thoughts flit hither and thither, just like the flies that flew buzzing about the room. It must be confessed one has not many thoughts when one is tired, and has, like mine host, just returned from the field after loading a waggon with hay. At such time it is well to sit and breathe quietly, and let one's thoughts, should one have any, do as they will. The cat sitting on the outside window-sill was busy pluming himself. The landlord nodded at the animal, then, turning his head, called :

“Lorle !”

A voice from an adjoining room, replied :
“What ?”

“I believe you are doing exactly the same as this cat here. He is adorning himself as though he expected visitors.”

“That’s just it,” replied the voice from within.

“Well, make haste and have done, then, and when you are finished, fetch me a glass of cider from the cellar. I am well-nigh parched with thirst.”

“Coming directly,” called the voice. There was the noise of a drawer being shut, followed by the sound of someone running downstairs. A few moments later came the sound of footsteps returning, the door opened—then, the report of a gun was heard close to the window! A loud cry escaped the girl’s lips, and the glass with the cider fell from her hands to the floor. The cat sprang into the room, passing close by the landlord’s face. Mine host sprang up and swore, whilst the maiden disappeared through the half-open door.

Here we must turn and investigate the cause of this strange interruption.

Two young men were walking through the mountain forest. One, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with an unkempt russet beard, wore a grey Tyrolean jacket with green cords, and a

pointed hat of the same colour, with many cocks and a wide brim. His companion, who was clad in a well-worn overcoat, wore a modest cap, beneath which a finely chiselled face and well-kept whiskers were visible. His slender form was slightly bent.

They walked on in silence, followed by an old peasant carrying two knapsacks, a guitar, a painter's easel, and a gun. They emerged from the forest, and in the valley before them beheld a long village, in which all the houses stood along one side of the stream, that, murmuring and rushing, rolled wildly away, over and between innumerable rocks. A wooden bridge led across this stream to where, on the opposite side, the village church stood on the summit of a solitary hill.

"Here we are. This is Weissenbach," said the taller of the travellers, in a rich, full voice.

"*Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet,*" replied his companion, in whose well-worn black garments we rightly recognise the dress of the schoolmaster.

"Have done with your Horace," rejoined the first speaker, to whom we may without fear assign the easel.

"Willingly," replied the other, and looking round, he continued, with a smile: "*Ite missa est.* Books, ye shall no longer trouble my steps here in the free realm of Nature. Hist!

brother, you shall paint it, or I will write a story. Suppose now the author's hobby-horse, which in every book stands ready bridled and tied to the manger, should come to life and run off with the book. How glorious it would be, if a troop of books, a whole library came running down yonder mountain. Huzza! huzza! I will write the story."

"You will not write it. You are for ever spitting in your hands and grasping nothing."

"Alas! you are right, but here I will lead a new life. See how peacefully the village lies in its noonday slumber. It is like some great water-monster sunning itself on the river bank; the straw roofs look like large scales. Then behold the church! I love churches on the mountains. They are out of place in the midst of household trifles. 'On this rock will I build My church,'—how beautiful that is. Besides, men should ascend in their bodies, that they may raise themselves to the spiritual elevation. That, like the church crowning the mountain on the opposite side of the bridge, is truly transcendental, supernaturalistical."

Then, after a pause, he continued: "Do you hear the dogs barking, and the guardians of the capitol cackling? Do you hear the children shouting yonder? Good children! They dream not that you are coming to immortalise their youth in pictures. How beautifully Virgil

has said : "*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas.*" Verily, these folk exactly resemble peaceful Nature. They know not the beauty of their own lives. Theirs is only a vegetable existence, and we, the spirit princes, come and change their narrow world into free thought and pictures."

"And who knows," rejoined his companion, "how the Spirit of the Universe may employ us, or for what kind of thoughts and pictures we may serve Him?"

"You are more pious than you imagine. That was a noble thought," exclaimed the scholar.

"Number A1." retorted the artist. "Do not give a school certificate for everything one says.

Silence followed this speech. Then, thinking he had spoken too harshly, the artist seized his companion's hand. "Let us wait here a moment," said he, "whilst you shake off all the school dust, as you determined. Think of nothing, wish for nothing, and you will have everything."

His friend replied to the hand pressure with a glance of indescribable tenderness, and the artist continued :

"I must describe the man with whom we are to lodge."

"No, don't do that. Let me find him out for myself," interrupted the scholar.

“Very good.”

On approaching the village, the artist turned into a side path leading past the back of the houses.

“There is a deep law in the fact that Nature’s roads are never straight lines,” remarked the scholar. “The stream has an undulating, winding course, and the roads leading from village to village are in curves, even when they lie across the plain. From this the Philosophy of History teaches us that Nature and Humanity cannot move according to logical lines.”

“As to the roads,” rejoined the artist, “there is this one simple principle ; a cart goes easier when it receives an impetus from a curve in the road. On a road that is straight as a cord, the horse leans constantly on his harness, and so tires himself. That is a driver’s philosophy.”

They entered an orchard as he spoke. Here, taking his gun from the peasant, the artist fired into the air, with a report that re-echoed afar. Then, with the cry of “Juhu !” he bounded up the stone steps, and entered the room.

This brings us back to our friend the landlord, at the moment when the cat sprang past his face and the glass of cider fell to the ground. Mine host sprang to his feet, clenched his fists, and swore :

“*Kreuzmillionenheidekuckuck !* What was that ? What is——”

“It is I,” interrupted the artist, extending his hand in greeting.

The landlord’s fists unclenched. “What—What ?” he exclaimed. “Yes, by God, it is he. What, Herr Reinhard, you come to see us again ? Well, this is an unexpected visit. We must have the stove lighted.”

“Because it is summer, old fellow ?” asked the artist, giving the landlord’s hand a hearty shake ; and the latter continued :

“Was it you, then, who fired that shot in the garden ?”

“No, not I, but my wife,” said the artist, raising his gun. “She cannot keep her mouth shut.”

“You are just the same as of old. Still, the husband must pay for his wife ; there’s a fine for shooting.”

“I know, and will pay it willingly.”

Here Reinhard introduced his friend, as the Library Collaborator, Reichenmaier.

“Reichenmaier,” repeated the landlord, “we have a family of that name in the village.”

The Collaborator smiled. “They may be distant relations of mine,” he said, “I am descended from peasants.”

“So are we all descended from peasants,”

responded the landlord. "Our forefather Adam was a peasant in his way."

"Where is your Eve, old Adam?" enquired Reinhard.

"She will return with the hay cart. I came on first. Lorle! Lorle! Where are you?"

"Here," answered a voice from below.

"Be quick and open the barn, that they may get the waggon in directly. We shall have a shower soon. Then come up here."

"Ah, the 'Gudgeon'! I am very anxious to see the 'Gudgeon' again," said Reinhard.

The landlord chuckled, and shook his finger threateningly at him.

"Ah, ha! man," said he, "there is no longer a 'Gudgeon' for you to see. Why, she is now a fresh, blooming maiden. But, my word, man, it is impossible to see you. One would think you were an old saltpetre image cut in stone; you have a whole forest on your face, red fir and scarlet beeches. What is the price per load? Tell me, now, are the tinkers and knife-grinders in the government offices allowed to go with their beards unclipt and unshorn? Do they not treat them the same way as the books and newspapers——"

"Man! For Heaven's sake, man!" interrupted Reinhard; "are you also busy with these stories? Is no rest to be found anywhere from these accursed politics?"

"Ah, look ye, there is no avoiding it any longer. We stupid peasants, forsooth, are stupid enough to ask what becomes of our taxes, why our lads are kept so long as soldiers, and——"

"I know, I know it all already," protested Reinhard.

But the Collaborator seized the landlord's hand, and thumping him on the shoulder, exclaimed :

"You are a thorough man, a burgher of the future."

Mine host shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, wrinkled his forehead, and looked at the speaker. Then with a nod and smile, he replied :

"That is a handsome greeting, and I thank you much for the same."

The Collaborator was puzzled how to understand this speech. He had not, however, much time for reflection, for the crack of a whip was heard in the road, and the landlord went into the "arbour," a covered balcony, that surrounded the house on every side, except that overlooking the garden. His guests followed him.

"Hist ! drive more carefully," shouted the landlord, addressing the youth who sat on the saddle-horse in front of the hay-cart. "Quicker, now, or you won't get in. You'll

never learn all your life long. So, so, right away now, drive on!"

The cart was driven safely inside, and breathing freely once more, they re-entered the room.

"Why do you not have the barn door made wider, since it is so troublesome to drive in?" enquired the Collaborator, modestly.

Mine host, who had been gazing out of the window, turned at this question; then, looking again into the open, replied:

"The young folk don't need to have things better than we had them. They, like us, must learn to keep their eyes open, to be quick, and to know what's behind them. I've driven in there for more than thirty years, and never once been stuck." Then, turning once more towards the room, he continued: "And what may properly be your business, Herr Coaly-brater?"

"I am a librarian."

At this moment the landlord's wife and son entered the room, followed by the maid-servant and the man. They all welcomed Reinhard, and the wife, pointing to his beard, remarked:

"You've grown very wild during the time we haven't seen you."

"Our drum-major has grown just such a

God-forsaken beard," said Stephen, mine host's son, "but he dyes his black every morning."

"If I were young, I wouldn't let you kiss me, while you had such a beard," said Barbel, an elderly, strong, bony person, who acted as the maid of the house. Martin, the youth who stood behind her, was her son. He had his own opinion on the subject, which he hastened to make known.

"I say the beard suits him admirably. He looks just like the holy Saint Joseph in our church."

"And you look like the Moorish prince," retorted his master, "but where is Lorle? Old woman," he continued, "fetch me a draught of cider from the cellar, and a mouthful of cheese, then go and prepare Herr Reinhard's old room for him. The other gentleman can sleep in the dancing room."

Thus mine host at last obtained his drink, He would have waited an hour, suffering extreme thirst, rather than go down those stairs and up again. The Collaborator seated himself opposite his host.

Reinhard went out for a walk through the village. There all the children ran after him; some of the boldest even shouted after him from a safe distance :

"Red fox, your beard's alight,
Pour a little water on't."

Arrived at the barber's, Reinhard entered, and the children crowded round the door, expecting to see him come out shaved. When, however, he reappeared with his beard untouched, they laughed and shouted anew.

The village crier dwelt in the barber's house, and to him Reinhard had entrusted a commission. This worthy now came forth with his bell. Pausing at every corner, he rang it, and cried loudly and distinctly: "The painter Reinhard has returned here with an enormous beard. All who wish to see it, must go to The Limes. That is the place of exhibition. The condition of admission is, that everyone must open his mouth wide, and show his teeth, should he have any. Feeding begins at half-past nine. Children are admitted free."

A continuous peal of laughter resounded through the village, as the children followed closely on the heels of the crier, shouting and rejoicing. They were scarcely silent long enough to allow of his announcement being heard.

When night had fallen, and the sky was dark with heavy rain-clouds, Reinhard sat on the stone bench beneath the limes in front of the inn. He laughed to himself in thinking of the sudden merriment with which he had unexpectedly filled the hearts of the villagers. Then, hearing a stifled sob close by,

he rose, and saw a young girl going past to the barn.

"Lorle?" said he, in questioning tones.

"God be wi' you," replied the girl, grasping the proffered hand, but she did not look up, nor did she take her apron from her face.

"You have—yes, you have been crying. What is the matter?"

"I, I—am not crying," replied the girl. She was scarcely able to speak for the sobs that followed each other in quick succession.

"Why do you turn your face aside? Why, won't you give me even one glance? Have I done you any harm?"

"Me? Me? No."

"Whom, then, have I harmed?"

"You."

"Why, what have I done?"

"I don't like your turning the whole village into ridicule. There's no use in it, and you've taken us all for fools. We hadn't thought it of you."

"You have grown quite tall and strong, Lorle; come into the room, and let me look at you."

"You don't need me for your tricks," rejoined the girl, and pulling herself together, she sprang through the yard gate into the street.

Reinhard returned to his seat, and sat looking down at the ground before him; his lips

were closely pressed together. What, the moment before, he had regarded as a supercilious, yet harmless joke, now appeared in quite a different light. Putting himself out of the question, he thought: "Yes, the child is certainly right; there was a piece of aristocracy in the jest. We know not how much vile pride there is in us. Here, I have used the whole village for my sport."

At this moment, the Collaborator joined him.

"A very strange man, our host," said he. "I have just been put through every kind of examination. There is no end to his questions, and at the same time he seems so suspicious."

"It isn't that," said Reinhard, "but the peasants have an ancient rule. When you eat with a strange spoon, you must always breathe on it thrice. Do you understand?"

"Yes, certainly. That is a very deep thought."

"That is a handsome greeting, and I thank you much for the same, Herr Coalybrater," replied Reinhard laughing.

Many men and youths of the village assembled that night at The Limes, and Reinhard was heartily welcomed by all. The merry style in which he had allured them thither, was followed up in a suitable manner. They went into the parlour, and throughout the whole even-

ing Reinhard entertained them with droll stories of his travels in Upper Italy and the Tyrol. The laughter never ceased for a moment. To-night he turned the laugh against himself more than was usually his custom; but he wished to do more than his due, for he had made game of the whole village, as he now told himself with ever-increasing self-denunciation. Little by little, through pure gaiety of heart, all manner of extravagant oddities occurred to him, for he was able, especially when in a numerous assembly, to work himself into a state of excitement.

Although Reinhard had been so cheerful whilst with his companions, alone in his room he became sad and out of humour. The world appeared very insipid if he did not wake it up a bit.

Lorle had not entered the room once the whole evening.

Late at night, a man in slippered feet crept through the house, carefully trying all the doors. It was the landlord of The Calves, who never retired to rest until he had examined the house from top to bottom.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY LIFE.

VERY early the following morning the Collaborator stood beside Reinhard's bed, and in a rich powerful voice, that no one would have expected him to possess, sang to Weber's dewy-fresh melody, the air from *Preciosa*: "The sun awakes." Reinhard turned round muttering.

"A man like you," sang the Collaborator, *recitando*, who can pourtray the glorious picture, 'Early Sabbath,' should not sleep away a morning like this. Bum, bum."

Then, as Reinhard remained silent, the Collaborator continued: "What shall we do to-day? This is Sunday morning. It has rained during the night, just as though we had ordered it should. Everything without glitters and sparkles. What shall we set about now? Is there no Church Festival in the neighbourhood, no village feast?"

"Fry a village feast for yourself," rejoined Reinhard. Assemble the people you require

by beat of drum, saddle your nose with an opera-glass, scatter money amongst the children, so that they can scramble over, and beat each other; and then you will have a village feast, with *ipse fecit*."

"Last night you were so cheerful, and to-day you are quite morose."

"I was not cheerful yesterday, and I am not morose to-day. I am simply a churl who properly should be alone, but who is condemned never to be alone for a single day. Mark how I mean this. I like to have you with me. To have a friend like you, who means so kindly, is like having money in your box; you don't need it, but it helps you all the same, because you know you can use it, should you be in want. So stay here for the remainder of your holiday, only do leave me to myself a little."

"I understand you perfectly. Here you receive the kiss of the Muse, and no strange prying eye may venture near. I will leave you entirely alone, I will step aside whenever any subject for a picture presents itself. There none may point the finger, or glance with eyes profane. The root, the creative power of all life, reposes in darkness, which no passing gleam of the sun, no glance from the eye may pierce."

"Exactly so," replied Reinhard, "and now

for yourself, take my advice. Don't be always wanting something every minute, a result, or a thought. Live, and you have everything. We get involved in the pursuit of ideas that never allow us to enjoy our life in peace—you above all others. But I can say to you, like the priest in his castigatory sermon: 'My dear hearers, I preach not for you alone, but also for myself.' Let us live! live! The elder-tree blossoms, but it does not bloom merely that you may have a cup of elder-tea when you have taken cold."

"Excuse me," said the Collaborator, in timid, respectful tones, "if I observe that you have more romance in you than you imagine. That is truly the Blue Flower of Romance, to be free from all reflection, in the perfect enjoyment of ignorance."

"I do not entirely agree with you there. Still, if the child must have a name, call it Romance, for my sake."

Reinhard was standing half-dressed by the open window, inhaling full draughts of the morning air. Suddenly he sprang back, and the Collaborator darted forward and looked out.

The landlord's young daughter was crossing the yard. She was but lightly clad; she wore no jacket and her feet were bare. A crowd of

young ducks pressed round her, quacking loudly.

"You little gluttons," she scolded, curling her lip disdainfully. "Can't you wait till your crops are stuffed? You'd like to be served every hour, wouldn't you? Steady now, I'll fetch it for you; only patience, you must learn patience, forsooth. Out of the way, now! I shall tread on you!"

The young ducks were silent, as though understanding her words. The girl went to the barn, and returned almost immediately, with her apron full of barley. "God give you good of it! Now, don't quarrel, you jealous creatures, and don't push one another away. Scht!" She drove them away, and threw a handful of barley to one side. "Stay over there, you hens!"

The cock stood on the ladder by the barn, crowing out into the world. "Yes, you can do it quite correctly, just the same as yesterday," said the girl, dropping him a curtsey. "But just you come down, now. You are exactly like all the men-folk, they must be waited on, even when the meal's on the table."

The cock flew down immediately, and did ample justice to the meal, chattering loudly all the time. Apparently he said something witty, or droll, for a yellow hen, who had just picked up a grain of barley, shook her head, and lost

the morsel. The Galante sprang after it, nimbly, and restored it with a scrape of his foot, at the same time murmuring a few complimentary words.

"Good morning, little maid!" called the Collaborator. But instead of answering, the girl bounded away like a weasel, and rushed into the house, whilst the young ducks and the hens looked reproachfully up at the window. They seemed aware that thence had come the disturbance that had deprived them of their breakfast.

"That is a maiden! Ah! that is a maiden!" exclaimed the Collaborator, turning back towards the room, and raising his clenched fists towards Heaven. He paced to and fro for a few moments without speaking, then pausing before Reinhard, he began anew:

"There, I can say nothing but that: that is a maiden! No epithet satisfies me; no, not one. Here we have a law of the poetry of the people. It frequently gives the fullest expression and produces the deepest effect, merely by employing a single substantive, unaccompanied by any adjective. In my present state of enthusiasm, I have no more command of language than any peasant lad."

"How would it do if we contented ourselves with the epithet—divine?"

"Don't jest. You must paint the maiden,

just as she stood there, at one with Nature, talking with her, comprehended by her, and forming with her a complete harmony."

"That is certainly an excellent subject: a girl in a fowlyard."

"Well, if not thus, still you must paint the maiden. Here is a swet Mystery of Nature placed close beside you, you——"

"If it be a mystery, then in the Devil's name keep silent about it. You chatter away in the early morning, until a fellow doesn't know if he stands on his head or his heels."

For a while the two friends sat opposite each other in silence. At length the Collaborator rose, saying:

"You are right. Morning is as the calm time of youth. Man must then be left alone with his own thoughts, until he gradually awakens out of himself. He must not be worried. I am going into the forest; you will not come with me?"

"No."

Reinhard sat still for some time after the Collaborator had departed. His friend's many and eager speeches had left him with the feeling of having just come from a noisy journey. For him the peaceful, mirror-like surface of morning life, had been stirred into restless waves. He was out of humour. His nerves were irritated. Throwing himself on the bed,

he sank into a light slumber. The bells of the neighbouring church, ringing their first call to service, awoke him, and he went down into the kitchen. But Barbel, his former patroness, who had ever been wont to talk so pleasantly with him, was now indignant. He must go into the parlour, she said. His coffee had been ready for the past three hours, and she had been obliged to keep the fire in on his account.

Reinhard was about to return a snappish answer ; he had been treated badly enough already about his jest of yesterday, when he heard Lorle's voice from the arbour.

"Barbel, come out and see if this is all right."

"You come in here, it's as far. Make haste and get finished, that's all. It's sure to be right."

Reinhard left the kitchen without a word, but instead of going to the parlour, crept quietly to the arbour. He was fascinated at the first glance, and for some time stood watching the maiden unperceived.

The girl's countenance was expressive of holy, untroubled peace. A sweet calm was diffused over her rounded cheeks. Her features had never yet been agitated by passion, or bitter grief, nor distorted by remorse. That delicate mouth could utter nothing angry, nothing mean. A delicate red breathed through cheeks, forehead, and chin, and as the

maiden, her eyes half closed, held the smoothing-iron motionless on the ruff she was ironing, she resembled the picture of a sleeping child. But when she took up the ruff, opened her large, blue eyes, and pursed up her mouth, Reinhard involuntarily made an audible step forward.

"Good morning, or in a little while, good mid-day," said Lorle, nodding.

"Many thanks. Are you in a good temper again?"

"I haven't been out of temper, that I know. Did you sleep well?"

"Not so very well."

"How was that? Did you dream? Of course, you know that whatever you dream the first night in a strange bed, always comes true."

"My dream won't."

"Why? What was it? Can't you tell?"

"I can tell it quite easily, and especially to you. I dreamt about you."

"Of me? That's impossible. Look, now, don't use flattery to me. I didn't like it before when you called me 'Gudgeon,' but I'd rather you spoke like that than imposed on me with silly nonsense."

"There's no flattery in the matter. I did really dream of you. Now, don't make a face, it's nothing wicked, it's only stupid.

I dreamt that I was sitting beside you in the travelling cart, to which your black horse had been harnessed. He had an enormous bell tied round his neck, that sounded exactly like the church bell. Away the horse flew through the air, his mane standing erect. No sound of wheels could be heard, yet on and on we went. I strove to check him, but he almost tore my arms out of their sockets. And all the time you sat by my side, entirely free from fear. Thus ever away we went. Suddenly the carriage turned gently over, and we lay on the ground. Then my companion came and woke me."

"That was a wonderful dream, but I shall be careful not to drive out with you during the next four weeks. Now, I wanted to say something. Your companion is an odd fellow. Father says he's proud and haughty, but I think he's reserved and awkward."

"Then you have forgiven his interruption?"

"Yes. Were you there too?"

"Not exactly. You are right, though, about my friend. He's not the least bit proud, quite the contrary; he is only awkward and reserved."

"That's just what I thought. And it's because he's shy and reserved that he goes on at folk, as if he wanted to talk them down to the ground. A long while ago, I had been staying with Broni at the Hollow Mill. Of

course, you know, she's betrothed to our Stephen. They're to be married at harvest, and then he'll manage the mill. You'll stay for the wedding?"

"Perhaps, but you were going to tell me something."

"Yes, so I was. You must keep me to what I'm saying, or I should chatter away at random. Well, when I was at the Hollow Mill, night came on, and they wanted to go home with me, but I wouldn't let them, although I should really have preferred it. I set out alone, but, in the middle of the forest, a dreadful terror seized me, and because I was so frightened, I began to whistle, as if I didn't care for anything in the world. But how did it come into my head to tell you this?" added Lorle, pressing her lips together, and contracting her eyes meditatively.

"We were talking of my friend, and——"

"Oh, yes, that was it; I remember now. Well, he whistles so cheerfully because he's nervous, doesn't he?"

"A most accurate guess. But you must be very kind to him, for he's a good-hearted fellow, and deserves to be treated kindly. Besides, it will make him happy."

"All that I can do, shall be done. Is he unmarried?"

"He is still to be had, if he please you."

"If you say that again," interrupted Lorle, raising her smoothing iron, "I'll burn off your beard. But in case I forget it, don't have your beard cut off. It suits you very well."

"Since it pleases you, I would not have it cut off for the whole world."

"What pleases ? What's the talk about pleasing ?" asked a loud female voice. The speaker was Barbel.

"Lorle has fallen over head and ears in love with my companion."

"Don't believe him, he's quizzing," cried the girl, and Barbel retorted :

"Go in and drink your coffee, Herr Reinhard. I shan't warm it again."

"Is that collar of yours going to church ?" asked Reinhard, turning to Lorle.

"It's not mine. It belongs to Barbel, she's going to church. I stay at home. You will go?"

"Yes," replied Reinhard, and with that he went back into the parlour. If the truth be told, he had not intended going to church, but now he must and would. He must, because of his promise; he would, because Lorle was to remain at home alone. And being, like the rest of us, fond of giving our actions a public character, he told himself that, by joining in the churchgoing, he would regain the groundwork of community with the life of the villagers, and have a right thereto.

Whilst Reinhard was thinking this over in the parlour, Lorle, who had remained in the arbour, said :

"Only think, Barbel, he dreamt of me last night."

"Who dreamt of you?"

"Why, Herr Reinhard, of course." When speaking of him, Lorle never failed, even in his absence, to prefix the title Herr before his name.

"Don't you let Foxy-beard impose on you," rejoined Barbel.

"His beard isn't at all foxy," exclaimed Lorle, wrathfully. "It's a beautiful chestnut brown, and Herr Reinhard is just as noble as ever. A little while ago, when he was not here, you always spoke well of him, and it's very wrong of you to inveigh against him now like that. Even though he did have that joke about the bell-ringing, he isn't a bit proud. He speaks as familiarly, as honestly——"

"I shan't say anything further. Only be on your guard against him; you're not a child any longer."

"I know that, and I also know what a person is, I——"

"Give me my collar, you're crumpling it again," said Barbel, and seizing her collar, she departed.

Dressed in his Sunday clothes, Reinhard

strolled to church with Stephen and Martin. All the people nodded pleasantly to him, and although many still laughed at his beard, they regarded its wearer as one of themselves. They had a dim feeling that he now belonged to them, seeing he went to the same church, and worshipped at the same altar.

As they went along, Martin asked :

“What do you think of our Lorle ? She is a maiden, isn’t she ?”

“Yes,” replied Reinhard, “Lorle is exactly like a fine yellow canary amongst grey sparrows.”

“He’s an accursed churl, but he’s right all the same,” said Martin, addressing Stephen.

Reinhard sat beside the schoolmaster at the organ. Its loud notes did him good; they thrilled through his whole frame like a fresh stream. Barbel, who was watching him from below, thought within herself : “He’s very handsome ! How honestly his eyes gleam !”

Reinhard only heard the beginning of the sermon. From the text : “Cast thy bread upon the waters,” the preacher entered on a sermon denouncing the whole village for having pledged itself not to contribute anything towards the erection of a convent for the Sisters of Mercy.

Whilst the priest was pouring forth his monotonous discourse, breaking now and then

into a louder key, Reinhard lost himself in all manner of strange dreams. Below, Barbel was on her knees. Her strong hands were clasped devoutly, and she was praying for Lorle. She could not rid herself of the idea that some danger threatened the child, and she prayed with ever-increasing fervour. At length she rose, made the sign of the cross on her forehead, and having wiped all trace of grief from her face, left the church.

The notes of the organ aroused Reinhard from his dreams, and he left the church with the rest of the congregation. Barbel, her hymn-book pressed closely to her breast, was waiting for him near the door. "God bè wi' you!" she said, and Reinhard thanked her, wondering. He knew not that now, for the first time, she bade him welcome.

As he walked through the village, he met the Collaborator, with a butterfly fastened to the brim of his hat.

"What have you there?" enquired Reinhard.

"A beautiful specimen of the *papilio Machaon*, also called the Swallow-tail. He gave me much trouble, but I was obliged to have him. As yet the chief librarian is without one in his private collection. There were two sporting together, one moment fluttering to meet each other, and the next fluttering away again. Butterflies are happy creatures! I should

have liked to catch them both, or to have left them together, but I could only capture one. And now look at me. Just as I seized him, I fell into a bog."

"And you always carry pins with you?"

"Always! Behold my store-house," and opening his coat, the Collaborator showed an R, marked in pins in the lining.

"But before I forget it," he continued, "I have found the word.

"What word?"

"The epithet for the maiden. Gladsome. It is a privilege of our language, that this word can be both transitive and intransitive. She is full of gladness, and she sheds gladness into the souls of all. But stay! even whilst I am speaking, I have discovered the primitive word. It is Mary-like! All that mankind has recognised as adorable and blissful in the character of the Blessed Virgin, is concentrated in the word, Mary. There is no other language in the world that can thus make a *nomen proprium* into an adjective of universal application. Yes, Mary-like, that is the word."

Reinhard was silent awhile, then he enquired:

"Were you in the forest all the time?"

"Of course! Oh, it was heavenly there! I inhaled a deep draught of Forest Solitude. Formerly when I entered a forest it always

seemed to lock its mysteries from me, as though I were unworthy to tread its sacred colonnades, or understand the silent chorus of eternal Nature. But with the last step I took out of the forest, the sweet, mysterious rush began again behind me, and the incomprehensible melodies sounded forth once more. To-day I have conquered the forest.

"I pressed through thick underwood, and climbed over rocks to the very source of the brook, where it gushes forth between great blocks of basalt, and is immediately received into a wide round basin, as though it were to remain there, as though that were its home. You certainly have never been there, or you would have painted it. But this must be your first picture. The trees hang down so lovingly, as if wishing to conceal the holy shrine, so that no eye might behold it. Peace breathes in every leaf. The red and white foxglove pushes its chain of flowers forth from between every crevice. It is a poisonous plant, but it is entrancingly beautiful. The gentle Erika lurks hiding behind the rocks, she does not venture near the rushing waters. I lay there for an hour, and I lived through an eternity. That is a spot where one may be absorbed into the Universe. The morning bells rang out from this side and that, sounding to me like the hum of bees, which, in

assurance of fine weather, have ventured far from home.

"I had climbed high up to the summit of the mountain, that rises far above the church tower. I stood high above Zion on the pinnacle of the Infinite, and there I felt, as I have never felt before, that I can never die ; that I shall live for ever. I embraced the earth that will one day cover me, and my spirit soared high above all worlds. Though I may wander joyless over the earth, and pass to the grave unheard, I have lived from everlasting, and I shall live eternally."

Reinhard seated himself on a grassy bank by the roadside, under the shade of an apple-tree, and drew his friend down beside him.

"Speak on," said he.

The Collaborator gazed at him sadly, then looking down, he continued :

"I lay for a long while thus, in blissful melancholy rapture. I gazed at the stream that gushed forth continually. How ethereal bright it bounded forth from out its night-like obscurity ; how pure and clear it meandered down into the ravine. But it was stopped almost before it reached the peaceful path through the valley. What stopped it ? It bounded boldly over the mill-wheel, hastening to greet the flowers on the bank. But in the town it is confined in dykes, and used for dyeing and

tanning. It is spoilt. It no longer knows itself! Thus it may also happen with a pure child of Nature, but what matter? Flow on, thou solitary stream, on from the rock fountain to the unfathomable, unconquerable sea. There, there is brightness new and eternal, and unending life. A peace and motion in itself.

"At first I did not care to retain my thoughts, but later I desired to bind them together in melodious words. On this I tormented myself with all kinds of verse; my peace was gone. Then I remembered how you had said: 'What need of a result? I have lived this, what need is there of more?'"

"I have long known your Forest Solitude," said Reinhard, as they rose to return home. "I, too, have dreamed there, but I could never make anything of it with my pencil. If I could paint your thoughts, it would be different. I have gone far away from that landscape, yet whenever I return to it, I feel as though some deep revelation were awaiting me there, especially now. Perhaps it is your Forest Sanctuary, perhaps not!"

"Where were you during my forest ramble?"

"At church; you should have gone, it unites one with the life of the peasants."

"Yes, yes, you are right! Well, I am sorry, but I will go to mid-day service."

A great change had taken place at the inn.

When the Collaborator came down freshly shod, Lorle greeted him pleasantly, saying ; "It's nice, Herr Coalybrater, that you didn't want anyone to wait on you. Where have you been ?"

"To the forest yonder. But don't say Herr Coalybrater, I prefer to be called by my own name, Adelbert Reihenmaier."

"That's certainly much prettier. Now tell me something, Herr Reihenmaier."

"I have very little to tell."

"Well, we'll wait till dinner. You'll go to the Hollow Mill with us ? And you can sing so beautifully."

"Willingly, especially if you are going. I thought of you in the forest."

"You musn't make fun of me. I'm too good for that, and so are you. It doesn't become a gentleman like you. To be well behaved is right. But you must put on your Sunday coat. Haven't you one, though ?"

"More than one, but not here."

"Indeed ! But surely you knew you were going to spend Sunday here ? Well, 'tis no matter. I'll send Martin to you, he'll brush you up a bit."

The Collaborator bounded joyfully upstairs, and opening his knapsack, took from it the collection of national songs he had brought

with him, to note down any variations and additions he might come across. He threw the book up to the ceiling, and caught it again as it fell. "Here," he exclaimed, fondling it as though it had been some living creature, "here you are at home, which is not the case when you are cooped up in the library. To-day you shall once more become alive."

At dinner the old order was changed. A special table was laid for Reinhard and his friend in a recess. Reinhard said he would sooner eat at the family table, as at his last visit. But the old landlord shook his head, took off his white cap, and holding it between his hands, which he folded reverently across his breast, began to say grace.

"Take these two covers away, Barbel," said Reinhard, "we can't eat alone."

At this mine host of The Calves quickly replaced his cap on his head, and looking to right and left with changing countenance, said:

"Steady now!"

Then he paused slightly, as was his wont whenever he used this expression. It was an admonition that none should utter a word, until he had spoken further. In a few moments he continued:

"It stays as it is. There's no room here for two."

He raised his arms deliberately, and passed

his hands horizontally through the air, like the strike over a corn measure, which was as good as saying : "settled."

The two friends took their places at the table in the recess. Lorle waited on them.

"Can't Barbel do that?" enquired Reinhard, whilst the Collaborator added: "You should not wait on us."

"Oh, good Lord!" exclaimed Lorle, "What a fuss you make about serving. I like it. One day, when you have a dear wife, Herr Reihemaier, and I come to see you, and you give me a plate of soup, then your wife shall serve me."

"How do you know that I shall ever marry?"

"Oh, it's written so large on your forehead, that one can throw one's cap at it. I believe a wife would be right happy with you."

"What makes you think that?"

"You're so handy with your napkin."

"All laughed at this, and her father said: "That's a flash of lightning, lass. She hasn't chattered so much in the last year as she has since yesterday."

"Yes," assented her mother, and having swallowed a spoonful of soup with particular satisfaction, she knocked her spoon against that of her husband, and added: "You'll understand yet what sort of a lass she is. She's clever and intelligent as the day."

"Well, she's learnt it from you, and from our Barbel here," replied her husband, returning the knock.

The two friends conversed pleasantly with Lorle. She had a quick eye for all that was wanted, yet oddly enough passed everything with her left hand. This caused the Collaborator to glance sharply at her more than once. Noticing the look, she said :

"It isn't right of me to be so left-handed, is it? I've tried to break myself of the habit, but I forget."

"It's of no consequence," interposed Reinhard quickly. Then lowering his voice, so as not to be heard in the room, he added :

"You do everything beautifully. Who can prove that the right hand is the more convenient? Your left hand is much quicker than many a person's right, and I like it very much."

Lorle drew herself up at these words, and there was a peculiar majesty in her glance.

"Are there no musicians in the village?" asked the Collaborator.

"Certainly there are."

"They must play us a few dances this evening. I will willingly pay anything reasonable."

"No, we musn't do that. The magistrate's away to-day, and it's strictly forbidden by law,

to have any music without permission from the police. The order hangs upstairs in your room."

"Oh Romanticism, where art thou!" exclaimed the Collaborator.

"We haven't one here," replied Lorle, "but there's a piano upstairs, that you can——"

At this speech, the two friends burst into such uncontrollable laughter, that they could scarcely keep their seats. Reinhard recovered himself first, for he saw the girl's calm features suddenly twitch and quiver. The pulses of her eyelids beat visibly, and a very sad, questioning smile hovered about her lips. There she stood with trembling breath, and wound her apron string tightly round one of her fingers, making a deep cut. The physical pain did her good, for it supplanted for the moment the pain at her heart.

Reinhard sharply bade his friend have done with his "silly laughter," but the mischief was done. In vain the Collaborator excused himself, in vain he strove to explain the meaning of his words. Lorle turned quickly away, and remained out of tune—as much out of tune as the piano in the Collaborator's room, that he tried later on.

It was a sadly ruined harmony. Scarcely one string retained its proper tone. Many persons must have strummed away at it.

"Yes," thought the Collaborator, "when once a person is put out of tune, everyone works away at him, either wantonly, or in sport, to make him more and more out of tune, and when they have accomplished their work, they leave him to stand forgotten in a corner."

In this the Collaborator saw a picture of his own life—he thought only of himself. Wearied by his many wandering and varied emotions, he fell asleep, and overslept afternoon church, with advantage to his own piety, and perhaps ours. Who knows if otherwise the Forest Sanctuary of the morning would have remained undisturbed?

After attending afternoon service, Lorle hastened with her brother to the Hollow Mill. Her father she knew would not be persuaded to start so soon, but he had promised to follow later with her mother. In the morning, she would have thought it delightful had their visitors accompanied her. Perhaps a little bit of pride had mingled with the wish, but that was over now. After much pressure mine host and his wife followed two hours later, accompanied by Reinhard and the Collaborator. The latter was now quite himself again.

"Your clocks here are all wrong," he remarked to the landlord. "I time mine by the dial at the library. You should erect a dial close by the church that is being built :

a propos, why did they not build the new church on yonder hill. It was splendid that men had to mount when they went to church."

"Yes, but we prefer to thave the church at hand on all occasions when we need it."

"You are right there, religion and the church should not stand above us, distant from our lives; it should be in our midst. Oh, there is an early *Genziana cruciata*," said the Collaborator, interrupting himself, and springing over the ditch after the flower.

The landlord looked after him smiling, then turning to Reinhard, he said: "That's a strange fellow! One would have thought he was bent on setting the church on the mountain, but directly it's explained differently to him, he finds it equally good. He's just like the overseer at the salt-works yonder, who has a dressing gown that he can wear either side out. But he must be dreadfully learned. What has he studied especially?"

"First he studied for the church, then he learned various languages, now he takes care of the books in the library, and thence he has carried away a little of everything. Yet on the whole he has fixed opinions, and he is an excellent fellow at bottom. For that you may take my word."

"Yes, yes, I don't doubt it."

The Collaborator returned. He could not

refrain from pointing out the beauties of the road to Reinhard at every step. Now it was a group of trees, now an avenue, now a gnarled bough. He exclaimed at everything. "See," he cried, "how beautifully the sunlight falls on the leaves, and gleams through the branches."

"Have done with your explanations," exclaimed Reinhard impatiently, and the Collaborator walked silently away to fetch another flower, which he cut to pieces with his penknife."

"You musn't fly out at him like that," said the landlord. "He is indeed a happy man. Where another would find nothing, he finds pleasure everywhere: in the sun, in a flower, in a beetle, in everything."

When they reached the mill, the two girls were walking hand in hand along the valley, singing. "Lorle!" cried her mother. Echo repeated the call. Broni stood still, but Lorle bounded forward to meet the speaker. Mine host stood looking round about him, his hands planted firmly against his sides. He nodded his head sharply, and in that action the father's pride spoke out: "Show me such another lass in or out of the country," said his looks.

Reinhard received a hearty welcome at the mill, and his friend also was cordially greeted, for here, where all lived together as relations, friends were regarded as members of the family. The little party sat round the table

beneath the walnut tree, and the miller showed Reinhard how large his name had grown, that he had cut in the bark a few years previously.

The Collaborator kept his eyes fixed on the old man, for whose countenance he later contrived a curious expression, calling it a "grieved face." The miller's was one of those noble, oval faces with hollow cheeks, high cheek-bones, a broad forehead, and large blue eyes full of humility and long-suffering, where in the history of the sufferings of the German people is written.

"Yes," said the old man, shaking his finger at Reinhard, "that rogue there, so they tell me, has painted me in a special picture. Was that honourable and right?"

"A cat may look at a king," laughed the landlord of The Calves. "He may paint me for aught I care, if he wants. I'll hold myself still."

"Shake hands on it; so let it be," cried Reinhard, extending his hand. When, however, no hand was offered in return, he declared laughing: "It was only a jest, there is no colour thick enough to paint you, old fellow."

Amidst the general laugh that followed, the miller turned to Reinhard.

"Tell me truly," said he, "what have you made of me?"

"Nothing wrong. It happened one evening

after I had been painting at the mill. The sun was just sinking down to rest, and I was going away, when you opened your window and looked out. Then, taking your cap from your head, you held it between your hands, and prayed aloud in the light of the setting sun. A feeling of sacred awe stirred me, and thus I have painted you, only with this difference: in my picture you are standing at the door, instead of the window."

"That's not bad, one can even feel pleased with it," said the landlord's wife.

As they sat thus peaceful and contented, Reinhard told them, under the promise of secrecy, that he intended painting an altar-piece for the new church. The landlord of The Calves offered free quarters at the inn, so long as he was engaged on the work; the miller likewise wished to do something, only as yet he knew not what.

Then for a while silence reigned. After talking on such a sacred subject, it was difficult to find anything different to speak about. Here the Collaborator helped them. The girls had been moving to and fro laying the table; the glasses were filled, but no one touched them, for their thoughts were still in the church. Lorle had manifestly shunned the Collaborator. He now turned to Broni, asking:

"Are there no legends connected with the water-mill? Do no Nixies bathe there?"

"Oh, yes! Nix bathes there," replied Broni, at which everyone tittered.

Instead of ceasing his questions, the Collaborator turned to the miller, and enquired:

"Is there really no legend connected with the stream?"

"Eh, what! Those are things for children; they are nothing to you."

"Still, do tell me, I pray you. It would give me great pleasure to hear it."

"Well, all kinds of stories are told about it, such as the water-nymph, and so forth."

"Do tell me about her."

"It happened during the Swedish war. A Swede wished to carry off the daughter of the house. The maid escaped him, fled to the granary, and drew up the ladder. The Swede pursued her, and stopping the mill, climbed up the wheel. But just as he was half-way up, the water-nymph came, set the mill in motion, and, patsch! there was my Swede lying at the bottom of the stream, drowned."

"That is a splendid legend."

"Indeed, it is only a superstition," replied the miller with warmth. "The Swede had not stopped the mill properly, so it went on again of itself."

The afternoon passed pleasantly away in

conversation of all kinds, they could scarcely tell what. The girls made merry in various ways at the Collaborator's expense. Thinking he was superstitious, they told him witch and ghost stories. Lorle was especially glad of a means by which she could pay him out for his airs of learned superiority, and make him feel so shuddery that he would be unable to sleep. To make him more properly afraid, she even affected to believe everything she said. The Collaborator was thoroughly happy over this rich mine of treasure, and failed to perceive the hidden roguery.

On the way home, the landlord of The Calves remarked to Reinhard : "Your friend is just like a child, and yet he is very learned."

Stephen remained at the mill. Lorle walked home with her mother, and the Collaborator accompanied them. "Here," said he, "we see the Past and the Future. You, mine hostess, must once have looked like Lorle, and she will one day become a neat old woman exactly like you."

His hostess smiled, but she did not like to be spoken of thus. Although the peasants speak very plainly of themselves, they do not like anyone to remark on or criticise them in their presence."

The Collaborator began again :

"Tell me," said he, "how is it one sees so

few handsome old persons in the village, and especially so few handsome old women?"

"Why, look you, most of the folk have very small means; they can keep no servant; thus a woman must frequently stand at the wash-tub, or work in the fields the fourth or fifth day after her confinement. When folks cannot be nursed and cared for, they grow old before their time."

"You should found a Subscription Lying-in-society."

"How do you mean?"

The Collaborator explained the working of such a society, but his hostess raised many objections. One great objection was that many women would dislike anyone not related to them seeing their scanty housekeeping. In the end, however, she agreed, saying: "You are a very good man."

"Might not the young women belong to the society?" asked Lorle.

"Certainly they might. The society only binds them to nurse every woman for at least fourteen days."

It was dusk when they returned home. Reinhard joined a troop of young fellows, and with them went singing through the village. At nightfall he returned, ran quickly upstairs to his room, and then down again. The Collaborator was seated in his room writing down the

legends he had heard that afternoon, but hearing the strains of the guitar from the streets, went downstairs.

Reinhard was sitting on the bench beneath the limetree, his guitar in his lap ; and all the men of the village were gathered round him. First he played a gentle melody, and so well did he handle the charming instrument that under his touch it expressed every feeling of the soul, now in melting, now in joyous strains.

The audience stood and listened ; they were delighted, though when he had finished the piece, they feared he would only play. So Martin voiced the wish of the assembly, exclaiming :

“You can sing as well as play, sing us something.”

“Yes, yes,” was the general cry, “sing, sing!”

Reinhard sang several short songs that he had picked up during his wanderings. His voice rang out clear in the silent night, and the Tyrolean melodies leapt up to the starry heavens like globules of light, and then sank down again.

Lorle, who had gone up to bed, looked out of her window and listened ; then forming the words with her lips, without confiding them to the air, she said :

"He is a very handsome man. There is certainly no one like him in the whole world."

Reinhard now sang :

"Und wann's emol schön aber wird
Und auf der Alm schön gruen,
Die Böckle mit de Geisle fuhr,
Die Sendrin mit de Kühn;
Die Wälder werden grün von Laub.
Die Wiesen grün von Gras,
Und wann i an mein' Sendrin denk',
No g'freut mi halt der G'spasz."

The Collaborator, who knew the song, accompanied him in his rich bass. Lorle shut her window at the verses that followed, and went quietly to bed. Towards the end of the extremely ingenious rendezvous described in the song, nearly all the lads could sing with them. The eleventh, and last verse, was repeated amidst ringing laughter :

"Der Bue, der sait, heut kann's nit sein,
Heut hab i goar koan Freud,
Wann i das nächstmal wieder kumm,
Heut hab i goar koan Schneid,
Er thut en frischen Juchzer drauf,
Das hallt im ganzen Wald ;
Die Sendrin hat ihm nachig'weint,
So lang sie hort den Schall."

"And the song was made by a milk-maid !" cried the Collaborator, in ecstasy.

"To bid her sweetheart good-night," said Reinhard. "Good-night," he added, and went indoors. Then the lads sang the new song through the village, laughing immoderately.

"It has been a delightful day," said the Collaborator, who accompanied his friend to his room. "How beautiful is music at night. Light is the rival of song, she loves him not, but dusky Night rocks him softly in her arms. You know how to deal with the people; we should communicate new revelations to them in song, there everything is again in accord. The first and last step of culture is re-united in song."

As Reinhard did not reply, the speaker continued :

"This evening you have made clear to me in the concrete a law of the Migration of National Songs. One so often finds songs with quite a local colouring in places foreign to their origin. Men like you are the butterflies, who bring the fructifying pollen from one flower to another. To-day we have had everything; a miller's daughter, a landlord's daughter, a painter and musician. The hunter alone was wanting, then we should have had the Romance complete."

"Do leave Romance alone, you have done enough harm with it to-day already."

"You should paint this afternoon's assembly beneath the walnut tree."

"You promised to leave me alone."

"Yes, forgive me; good-night."

Reinhard waited up far into the night, arranging his painting implements. He had something in his mind, and wished to begin work early the following morning.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE MOUNTAINS, AND IN THE VILLAGE.

THE next morning, after finishing his interrupted task of writing down the legends, the Collaborator sought his freind. Reinhard was standing before a coloured sketch, that was already almost finished. The subject was a Tyrolean, who was singing a new song of the Upper Swabian lands. He was surrounded by youths and maidens.

"You have indeed embodied my idea," exclaimed the Collaborator. "That picture has a deep tendency."

"Do leave off worrying me with your tendency," exclaimed Reinhard, impatiently. "Men drove the Devil out of the world, but they tore off his tail, and that is what they call tendency. Now, as in that story by Morike, they use it as a book-marker—place it everywhere, in fact. I should like for once to paint something in which it would be impossible to ferret out any tendency whatever, where people could only say : 'It is beautiful!'"

"You are right; the Symbolical and Typical, that is contained in every work of art, must mould itself in an inartificial manner."

"Inartificial? What a beautiful expression! Why don't you say naturally, or in a natural manner?"

"You may jest, but my statement is sound; there is something symbolical and typical in every work of art. The situation, the circumstance, exists apart, it needs not the external support of ideas, it is independent. But in the deeper view, a symbolical, a typical idea must be revealed; the concrete becomes the abstract, the universal. It is not tendency to pour butter into the milk when it is poor, to make people believe the cow gave milk full of cream. The ideal is rather as a force and sap dispersed through every atom. Your picture is excellent, but there is still the question whether the musical can become the objective *punctum saliens* of painting. You must study Lessing's 'Laocoon,' there the limits of art are defined to a hair's breadth. I can clearly see that the Tryolean with the guitar in his lap, who touches the strings with his fingers, as he opens his mouth, is singing a lively song. From the expression of the group of youths and maidens, who are nodding at each other behind the old man's back, and from the look on the faces of the maidens standing near

staring, their hands clasped in each others, it is easy to tell that the song is a love song, but whether——”

“Are you going to tune the piano to-day?” interrupted Reinhard.

“Yes, that I am. Now in this piano I have a symbol of the mind of the German people. All the strings are there; none need to be strung afresh, but almost all have been strung by unskillfull hands; a few of the deep notes alone are pure. Even that is significant. Now I must go and fetch the tuning-key from the schoolmaster.”

“Greet him from me,” said Reinhard as he departed. Then he stood awhile gazing at the door that he had closed behind the destroyer of his peace. Turning back to his easel, he sank into a reverie. He had begun so boldly, so confidently, and now it seemed as though indeed the musical could not be painted. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had promised to paint a picture for the new church, so he set out for the building to ascertain its height and size.

Once outside his workshop he was in no hurry to return thither; instead he wandered into the fields. Here, whilst watching the peasants at their work, the thought arose in his soul: “How happy these men are in the steadiness of their labour, they know nothing

of the moods and changes of a profession. Their work is steady and uninterrupted as the eternal creation of Nature, whom they serve. Were I a peasant, how happy I should be." Here fancy conjured up the form of a peasant woman. It was bright mid-day, and the peasant sat on his plough in the open field; a woman, his wife, came across the meadows, carrying his frugal meal in a pitcher tied in a red cloth. Her countenance brightened as she perceived her husband, who, shading his forehead with his brown hand, was watching for her. She smiled, and raised her mouth for a kiss. "We are all creatures eager for enjoyment," thought Reinhard, waking from his dream with a deep sigh. "How happily might I live, were I able to enclose my being within such narrow limits."

But—so strangely is man with his double nature constituted—that a moment later, Reinhard, with rapid strokes, was drawing his dream-picture in his sketch-book. True, it was merely done to aid his memory, but it was something more, and the fact that he so rapidly changed a dream into a picture should have proved to him how very far he was from abandoning his profession as a painter. The woman's features bore an unmistakeable resemblance to those of a maiden not far distant.

Reinhard tried to escape from himself by running as fast as he could down the mountain forest. After wandering here for a long time, he came to a ravine that had been cleared for pasturage; and espied a shepherd's boy leaning on his staff, and watching his sheep. Creeping softly forward, Reinhard took the boy's broad-brimmed hat from his head, and made him a low bow. The boy laughed, returned the salutation with a grave nod, and then looked up at the new-comer with a bright face, surrounded by a cluster of curly locks of a most fiery red.

"Well," said he, boldly, "is that all? Now give me my hat."

"No! I want to sketch you, will you hold still?"

"Yes, if you give me a groschen for my trouble?"

Reinhard agreed to the terms, but the boy would not hear of holding still until the groschen was safely in his pocket. Reinhard was obliged to humour him. As the work proceeded he learnt that the lad was servant to the landlord of The Calves, and that he was tending his cows.

"Who do you like best in the house?" he enquired.

"There he sits with his hat on," said the boy, roguishly, which was the same as saying :

“Do you think I’m going to tell you so soon? No, wait a bit.”

“Is it Barbel?” enquired Reinhard.

“No, certainly not! I’ll tell you for aught I care, but if you betray me, you’ll be fined sixteen ells of buttermilk.”

“Who is it, then?”

“Why, Lorle, of course. Oh heavens! If only I were more than thirteen years old, she should be my little wife. But I don’t receive more than five gulden as wages in the summer, a pair of stout shoes, a pair of stockings, and two shirts; and that is nothing for a wedding portion. But Lorle, oh, she is a girl! My cuckoo codlings! She always looks as if she came out of a glass case, and she works away so happily, and she looks so, one never knows if one may speak to her or not. But she has two such true looking eyes, that one feels satisfied if one only looks at her. She says nothing, yet she seems as if she had the ordering of all men, and if she bade one do anything, one would go through fire and water to obey her.”

Reinhard looked at the boy with such a puzzled expression that the latter placed his hands on his sides, and said:

“What is it? What do you want?”

“Nothing, nothing; only go on talking.”

“What do you want me to say? There,

take back your groschen, if you want to make a fool of me, and I'll not say another word. No, not another word."

Reinhard pacified the lad, who was trying to work himself into a rage, and gave him another groschen, which produced a good effect.

When the drawing was completed, and Reinhard had departed, the boy gave such a loud shout, that the cows turned round to look at him, holding the grass they had bitten off in their mouths. Quickly seating himself on the grass, he gazed on the two groschen with boundless satisfaction. Then he drew forth a leather purse, that he wore tied to his button hole, and in which were a few kreutzers. He put the groschens in with great care, and as he closed the purse, said smiling :

"Now be on good terms with one another, and have young ones."

Whilst this was passing in the forest, the Collaborator was experiencing very different adventures in the village. He visited the schoolmaster, and found him a weary, care-worn man, full of bitter complaints that his profession required all possible freshness and energy, but he was so weighed down by grievous want that he could not perform his duties satisfactorily. The Collaborator gave him two gulden, to be used as he thought best in giving the school children a treat, at the

same time forbidding him to spend it on a book.

On a pile of building-stones, opposite the new church, sat an aged man. To him the Collaborator offered a gift. Questioned about his circumstances, the old man said he was supported by the parishoners, who had also sent food to his house; he had only accepted the food twice, for he could not see his grandchildren go hungry, whilst he had enough. The masons standing by confirmed the truth of his statement. The Collaborator accompanied the old man to his home, and the misery he saw there oppressed him so that he felt almost suffocated. He gave the old man all the money he had with him; he would willingly have given his life to help that poor family. Returning to the inn, he sat for a long time thinking of their misery, and feeling worried to death; at length he turned to tune the piano. When noon was long past Lorle came to him. The previous day she had determined to be offended with the man who had studied himself stupid, but she could not keep to her resolution. No burden is so hard to a good disposition as learning to cherish mortification and anger in the soul. Lorle had a good right to be friendly again.

"You see," said she, "how Herr Reinhard behaves. If he once leaves the house, we are

often obliged to keep his dinner warm for him until four o'clock. I must admit he is not particular, he is always satisfied with everything, but it does make one feel vexed to see the good food overcooked, and dried up, and yet be unable to take it from the fire. And, Herr Reichenmaier, I've been thinking a great deal about you. You said such a good thing yesterday, and explained it so beautifully, don't let it be only said. Do put your shoulder to the wheel, and set it in working order."

"What?"

"Why the Lying-in-Society. Do go to the priest, and get him to set it in order."

"Good! I will go at once!"

"Yes, do," said Lorle, "Now, after his dinner is just the time to find him, and you will enjoy your own food much more, doing a good action."

The Collaborator went. He found the priest sitting in his arm-chair, drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a pipe. The customary greetings having been exchanged, the Collaborator unfolded his plans. The priest finished his coffee and then told his visitor that the scheme was "unpracticable," the people always helped each other.

The Collaborator replied that such was by no means the case, and that charity required to be organised in order to create fresh activity in

men. The priest rose, and making a slight gesture with his hand, said the fanaticism of meddlesome persons was not required in that village. Then the Collaborator went on to describe the poverty and want he had seen a few hours earlier, and waxing ever more indignant, exclaimed :

"I cannot comprehend how you can mount the pulpit and preach, knowing as you do that many of your people leaving the church will go hungry, whilst you will sit down to a well-spread table."

The priest gazed at his visitor contemptuously, saying he regarded such demagogue speeches as scarcely worth contempt—he belonged to the old school, and knew nothing of heretical communistic principles. He gave him a parting bow, adding :

"Tell your friend he had better cease his song propaganda ; or there is a police. Adieu !"

The Collaborator returned to Reinhard at the inn, deathly pale ; he ate nothing. On Lorle asking the result of his visit, he replied with apparent anger : "I am a fool !" then he pressed his trembling lips together, and remained silent.

Reinhard held his sketch book towards Lorle, asking : "Who is that ?"

"Why, it is our Wendelin. Let me have it ; I'll show it to Barbel."

"No, the book must not leave my hands."

"Why? Is anyone drawn in it that I may not see?"

"Perhaps!"

Lorle withdrew her hand immediately.

The two friends then went for a walk, and the Collaborator told what had occurred. On Reinhard reproving him, he replied :

"You are too much an artist to be able to keep want and misery before your eyes. You seek and retain only the beautiful."

"And I will retain it, until by some miracle, I am doomed to operate on suffering humanity."

"I cannot understand," continued the Collaborator, "how I can be cheerful or happy, even for an hour, when I know that during that hour countless beings, entitled like myself to all the enjoyments of existence, curse and bewail their life, because of their condition of abject misery ; they suffer hunger, thirst, and want."

For some time they walked along the wooded mountain path in silence, then an old man passed them, carrying a bundle of sticks. The Collaborator turned and gazed after him, then he said :

"Instinct, which we have in common with the lower animals, helps us most. Without it we should perish in our battle with the world,

but God has most wisely implanted instinct in all creatures, especially man. Did you observe how that old man bent forward to carry his load? He knows nothing of the organisation of his body, knows nothing of the centre of gravity, or the perpendicular, yet he bears his burden in complete accord with physical laws, —perchance mankind also bears its burdens in an instinctive manner, which we do not as yet recognise as law."

And on this dangerous resting-place, of perhaps, the Collaborator sought to deposit his tormenting cares. It did not occur to him that he might yet regain his breath, might create sufficient new breath to be open to new impressions. Reinhard found the right means of rescuing his friend from his state of distress. There, in the midst of the forest, he began singing Weber's "Riraro! Summer is come!" The Collaborator soon accompanied him in his powerful bass; and song works wonders on the troubled soul yearning after freedom; it lends wings to the spirit, that it may soar with the strains far away over the world.

"Surely," resumed the Collaborator, "there is no surer support, no safer joy than Nature. I do not believe that even love can equal the nameless sweetness we find in Nature. Thanks be to Nature that she lives on dumb and formal, only seeing us, only speaking to us when

the Spirit has become Nature. Only think, we might entangle the whole of Nature in the gruesome tumult of our philosophies, theories, and dissensions, her existence might even be interrupted by being experimented with in our ideas—— oh, how unfortunate we might be ! No, Nature is dumb, and bound by eternal laws. There is a deep significance in the fact that, according to the Bible, God created the whole world through His Word, without any outspoken will. Only when He made man, He said : "Let us make man." Nature speaks not, wills not : we both speak and will ; nay, we even oppose and strive."

"Let us be merry ! Let the beggar's sack hang itself against the wall in despair," cried Reinhard, interrupting him. Then, snapping his fingers, he sang :

"Jetzt kauf' i mir fünf Leitern
Bind's an einander auf.
And wann's mich unt' nimmer g'freut,
Steig' i oben hinauf.
Hiudadäh u.s.w.

Bin kein Unterländer,
Bin kein Oberländer,
Bin ein lebfrischer Bue,
Wo's mi freut, kehr' i zue.

Drei 'rüber, drei 'nüber,
Drei Federn aufm Huet;
Sind unser drei Brüder,
Thut keiner kein guet.

Sind unser drei Brüder,
Und i bin der klenst,
Hat e jeder ein Mädle,
Und i han die schönst.

E schön's Häusle, e schön's Häusle,
E schön's e schön's Bett
Und e schön's, schön's Bürschle,
Sust heirat' i net.

Wenn i nunz ein Haus han,
Han i doch e schöne Ma'n,
Dreih ihn 'rum und dreih ihn 'num,
Schau ihn alleweil an.

Mein Schatz, der heisst Peter,
Ist e lustiger Bue,
Und i bin sein Schätzle,
Bin au lusti gnue."

With such snatches of song, of which he had an endless store, Reinhard strove to cheer his friend. Whenever the latter spoke of his trouble, Reinhard started a new song, and the Collaborator could never resist taking the second part. They returned home in high spirits, and did not notice how the villagers put their heads together, and whispered on seeing them.

Early the next morning, Reinhard stood beside the Collaborator's bed. "Cheer up!" said he, "you must come and wander with me in the mountains for a few days. It will put fresh life into you, and I cannot work at anything. Nothing pleases me."

The Collaborator was soon ready. He had determined to absorb himself as far as possible in the narrow life of the village. Now his plans were to be altered.

They passed many sunny days in invigorating wanderings. The heavens stretched above them in unclouded blue; a uniform tone of soul pervaded their being. What one did or proposed, was pleasing and desirable to the other. There were no discussions for and against, thus every "bite and sup" they enjoyed had a new flavour, every resting-place a doubly refreshing power. It is true that now, as always, the Collaborator was the one to give way, but this was not done through respect, his compliance was the outcome of joyous love. As he rarely omitted accompanying a present occurrence with a universal observation, he said once :

"How splendid it is that we are together from morning to night. I am often willingly alone with Nature, but there is far greater delight when I have a friend by my side. Then the feeling unconsciously thrills me that I am not merely alone with Nature, but am also one with man, and I am at peace. I might be——"

Here Reinhard gave his friend a heavy blow on the shoulder; he would have liked to press him to his heart, but chose the other form of

expressing his affection, considering it the more manly. They came to a spot most noteworthy from a geological point of view. Here for a time the Collaborator forgot the load of human misery that oppressed him, for he made many rich finds in the stone quarries. In one limestone pit he found not only a coprolite in a state of rare perfection, but many other rarities.

On discovering many fish's teeth most beautifully petrified, he expressed the conviction that he had come upon the wreck of an ancient world, older by many thousand years than our earth. Reinhard listened to his explanations with pleasure, for in this way the history of the earth's origin was revealed to him. The Collaborator amused himself by giving a comical account of how our globe failed many times in its examination, until at length it brought to light the Doctor, Man. He often remarked, that geology was the only science to which he could devote himself with full enjoyment, because, as he said, "astronomy pulled away the roof from over the head of old traditions, and geology took away the ground from beneath their feet."

He crammed his pockets with specimens, but had to leave many beautiful petrifications, the finding of which had made him thoroughly happy. However, he compensated himself for

their loss by leaving them in unusual places. He pictured with childish delight, how future bunglers would, on finding them, write learned essays on their strange appearance. He was troubled when Reinhard suggested, that in this way he was embarrassing science, but the next moment, he passed the matter over with a light jest. But after this, when unable to carry away a petrification, he left it in its proper place. Reinhard willingly listened to his observations on Natural History, but when it came to a question of the world's evils, he always began to sing.

"Collaborator ! Collaborator ! Listen ye trees, birds and stones, the Collaborator is here, and will preach you a sermon ! Behold, I will teach the birds of the forest your title, if you do not shut up !"

There was one subject on which Reinhard heard his friend speak with especial pleasure. Once as they rested beneath a walnut tree, in the midst of the forest, the Collaborator remarked :

"Tradition relates that in such a place a raven let fall the fruit he was carrying in his beak, and the fruit grew, and became a tree. In the same way a tender, lofty mind may be found in the midst of men with coarse souls and manners."

"But it must be accompanied by a beautiful bodily form," said Reinhard.

"Certainly! Oh, the happiness of a beautiful human face. The world smiles kindly on it, all eyes that turn to it grow bright, and it receives the reflection of the pleasure it produces."

They did not mention Lorle by name, but both were thinking of her.

Once they spoke of love, and Reinhard remarked:

"It often seems to me that all the songs and saying concerning love are merely idle traditions. I cannot picture to myself the sweet distraction which in love consumes the whole being."

Reinhard spoke thus rather as a tradition derived from his solitary life in the past. It no longer held any truth for him, but he repeated it from habit. Perhaps his friend guessed as much, for he looked at him sadly and thoughtfully, and then replied:

"Such a maiden is like a song which a distant poet created, and to which another finds a melody that reveals all there is in it, and a thousand times more."

"For answer Reinhard broke into the song: "Dear little sweetheart, awake! Awake, my sweet, awake!"

Finding a ripe strawberry amongst the rocks, the Collaborator held it out to his friend, saying:

"How fragrant and full of delicious freshness is this berry. What a long time passes before the plant blooms and the fruit ripens, and yet it is here for our refreshment. Was its whole existence merely a silent waiting for my coming? Did the Creator hold it back until He led me hither?"

Reinhard gazed at the speaker with glittering eyes, then he replied :

"If ever I paint you, it will be thus, with the ripe fruit in your hand ready for enjoyment, and you gazing at it."

In the villages where they passed the night, the Collaborator made an extraordinary impression on the inhabitants. He persuaded the sacristan to open the church for him, and passed the time playing the organ, an instrument he understood to perfection. For many days afterwards the villagers talked of the wonderful musician who played the organ by night. On their homeward journey, the Collaborator said :

"It is deeply significant, how in every village a great and holy instrument is erected, waiting for someone to come by and awaken its free notes. But I am not the right man for the people, for I only understand how to play the highest instrument in the village, the organ, and that essentially for my own comfort."

Their days of wandering had knit the friends

together anew. They returned to the village late one Friday night, and the next afternoon the Collaborator had to return to the city, and his work.

Early in the morning he tuned the piano thoroughly, and turning with a sad smile to Reinhard, who entered the room as his work was finished, he said :

"Under my hands everything becomes a significant image. To-day I have tuned the piano, but I shall play no lively dances on it to-morrow. *Après nous la danse.* After us the dance of the world's history goes on. The stones and the two butterflies are all I take with me from the village."

He went once more to visit the poor family, and see how they fared ; but they were ungracious to him, and he fancied they knew he had nothing more to give them.

Of the people of the inn, Lorle alone bade him a cordial farewell. When he had gone, she said to Reinhard :

"I can't believe it, but the priest's cook has spread it abroad through the village that Herr Reichenmaier is a godless heathen, that he abused the priest for his sermons, and cursed the new church. But he can't be anything bad, can he ? He has such a good heart."

Reinhard looked at her gratefully. Parting from his friend had made him sad, and yet

now for the first time he felt fresh and free. He believed that now he should be free from all disturbing reflections, as though they had come from his side.

A few days later, a new account for a new customer was opened in a secret book in the capital. Therein was written: "Ministry of Public Worship. The Collaborator Adalbert Reichenmaier, on the information of the priest M.... of Weiszenbach, according to the statement of the court of G., A person of atheistic opinions. Attempt to stir up the people. Reg. VII. b. act. fasc. 14263."

CHAPTER IV.

HIGH, EVEN UNTO HEAVEN.

ALTHOUGH Reinhard felt it was pleasant to be alone, he often looked towards the door during the course of the following morning, as though expecting to see his friend enter.

The work of finishing the picture now proceeded with renewed vigour. A place was left for Wendelin, who was to stand with his herdsman's staff in his hand, whilst the cows were lost in the distance. By this means the gleam of approaching evening, which was to spread itself over the scene, would acquire additional motive. Reinhard placed burdens on the heads of some of the listeners in the background. They were evidently returning from their work in the fields, and had stopped to listen. "The Collaborator," thought Reinhard, "would say that this shows symbolically, or typically, that song makes people forget the burdens that press so heavily upon them." The figure of the Collaborator was placed in the corner, he was evidently engaged in writing down the song.

Reinhard now had his meals at the family table; he had resumed his old position in the house.

Long and frequent were the talks he had with Lorle about his absent friend, and the fact that they alone in the whole village liked a man whom the rest either forgot or abused, gave a secret and peculiar bearing to their intercourse.

It now transpired that, in his deep emotion, the Collaborator had indulged in some hasty expressions, of a rather peculiar character. One day, whilst visiting old Klaus, he had exclaimed: "A man might almost be tempted to doubt God, since He allows the sun to shine, the trees to grow, and suffers men to build churches to His honour, whilst they look calmly on the misery of their brethren."

Lorle always excused him to the utmost of her power, and complained that the people, to whom he had done nothing but good, should in return denounce him to the priest. She took no pleasure, and scarcely any rest, so anxious was she to go about the village, visiting those who needed succour, and setting matters straight, as far as she could.

Reinhard was unusually industrious, and as an invariable result of creative industry, was unusually cheerful. He indulged in every kind of jest and roguery. It might have been

thought that the inn belonged to him. No one could say what he might be doing next. During the hours he was not at work, it was as though a Kobbold roamed about the house, making everyone laugh and start.

■ Mine host of The Calves would often say in his thoughtful way : "Steady now, leave the house standing over our heads," and two moments later would be making the most wonderful and extraordinary bounds.

Two kinds of art in particular, Reinhard understood to perfection. One was ventriloquism ; through this he once set mine host running about in a way he had not done for years, for he imitated Lorle's voice calling for help from the granary. Another of his tricks made Barbel summon all the people in the house to her aid. The little pigs, that had but lately been shut in their sty, were suddenly heard squealling from the top of the granary. After a considerable time had been spent looking for them, it was discovered that Reinhard had been imitating their voices, and that the discreet creatures had remained quietly where they were placed. But it was impossible to be angry with him for his high spirits, although Lorle once said :

"You can play what tricks you like in our house, only not when other people are present, or they will not respect you."

Reinhard was much quieter after this, and it was only when the opportunity offered was irresistible that he played any more tricks.

Lorle now spent much of her time away from home. She was in the village, staying with Wendelin's mother, who was confined with her sixth child, a boy. Reinhard had laid on the ground colours of his picture very rapidly, and intended to take a rest whilst they were drying, or in other words, to roam about through field and forest. He cleaned his gun, thinking he would go in pursuit of game, but the expedition was abandoned. Instead, another picture took its place on the easel, and he set to work with renewed zeal to complete the preliminary coloured sketch.

The new picture was the promised altar-piece. He had chosen as his subject the Marriage Feast at Cana, and he worked at it with a smiling countenance, for he had taken his figures from the village, and had no intention of disguising them with long beards and robes. No, it was to be the marriage feast of a simple German peasant, amidst which the Saviour stood. Stephen was the bridegroom, but the bride did not resemble Broni, although the landlord of The Calves, and the miller of the Hollow Mill looked splendid as fathers-in-law.

Reinhard whistled all manner of merry national songs as he painted, and once, when

looking at the blending tones of the colours in the distance, he thought: "How the Collaborator would rejoice to see me slipping our peasant life into the old Jewish life, just as a cuckoo's egg is slipped into a nest. What cultivated historical remarks he would make concerning it. He would point out that Shakespeare in like manner won fame, by turning Romans into Englishmen."

But the coloured sketch finished, discontent seized him as her prey. As was so often the case with him, he was dismayed at having to execute the picture. He had exhausted the pleasures of creation in the delight the design had afforded him.

There is deep refreshment in the pressing activity that daily awakens the soul of the artist to fresh pictures. But true, lasting repose lies only in fidelity, in the careful execution of that which was conceived and commenced in the hours of initiation. In this fidelity, the joy of creation, born again through the will, arises exalted and transfigured.

Reinhard promised himself truth in his vocation; yet he constantly set to work with a beating heart, as though in search of something; as though he was about to find something unexpected, as though he stood on the threshold of some manifestation, whose doors, opening suddenly, would reveal some wonder.

He roamed over the surface of the familiar world, as over budding mysteries, and everything in forest, field, flood, tree, shrub and grass was again most pleasant to him. All things stood close to him as they had never done before; he lived their life with them. He had not eyes sufficient to enjoy this world, so infinitely rich, that revealed itself to him, as though it had but just come from the hands of the Creator. Everything was new to him, as if he now beheld it for the first time. Once, standing looking at a blackthorn hedge, he sank into a reverie :

“See this hedge, it rises from out the ground, sends forth its branches, brings forth fruit and leaves, is beautiful and glittering. Then winter comes, and it dies and falls, but afterwards it grows green once more.” Everything, even the most simple life in Nature, had become a new sanctuary to him. “And what shall I become?” he murmured, as he turned away. “Holy Nature! make of me what thou wilt, only leave me not a bungling creature, wandering about in error———I will obey thee.”

His breast swelled with nameless longing, and even in the house he would sit for hours, his eyes open, apparently dreaming. The villagers shook their heads over him; they no longer recognised him. But in this world each has too much to do for himself, to be able to

follow the thoughts of another, especially if those thoughts be of a kind that will not allow themselves to be grasped.

Reinhard attempted to tear himself from these dreams. He went out shooting. That required a calm, collected mood, and a keen eye. Returning one afternoon, his gun over his shoulder, and two heather-pouts in his bag, he saw Lorle sitting under the lime-trees, with two of Wendelin's young brothers. One, a child scarce three years old, stood upright in her lap, whilst she snapped her fingers, and laughed and chattered to amuse him. The other boy, who stood at her feet, was looking down sullenly. Lorle nodded pleasantly to Reinhard as he approached, and then continued her play with the child; singing :

“Ninele, Nanele,
Wagele, Stroh,
's Katzle ist g'storben,
's Mausle ist froh.”

Reinhard seated himself on a tree-trunk opposite, and looked at Lorle, but she heeded not his gaze. She was accustomed to it, for he often stared at her.

“Has not Herr Reichenmaier written?” she enquired.

“No,” he replied.

Although he only uttered a simple “No,”

there was an expression in his tone that the most tender words could not have supplied. Suddenly the boy at Lorle's feet began to weep, and say : "I want to go home !"

"Hush," said Lorle, soothingly, "mother's asleep, so you can't go home now." Then, pointing to a robin-redbreast that hopped down in front of them, she continued : "Just see what a white under-waistcoat that little bird has. Look now when he flies up again. Scht !" Up flew the bird, and they saw the white feathers under his wings. "Did you see ?" asked Lorle, but the boy would not thus be distracted, and it was only on her promising to tell him a story that his sobs ceased.

She dried the little face, that was wet with tears, and then related one of those tales, most trivial in themselves, but in which the tone and bearing awaken and express a whole soul of love. There was nothing in the story, save this : A boy had a beautiful cherry. A bird wished to take it from him, but the mother came and frightened away the bird.

Lorle and her little charges laughed heartily at the tale. They were but children rejoicing in themselves, and in each other. But the boy always wanted to know what happened next, and was for ever saying : "And then ?" until at length Lorle said : "And then we let out the goats and the kids." This was done imme-

diately. The goats and kids were brought from the barn, and Lorle delighted in their antics quite as much as did the children she was minding.

On reaching home Reinhard turned all his pictures with their faces to the wall. He wished to see nothing but a picture that, in spirit, he preserved before his eyes.

In the parlour that evening, he had a long talk with the landlord. That worthy complied with his request, the more readily from recollecting the promise so generously made at the Hollow Mill. The conversation ended, the landlord called his daughter.

"Lorle," said he, "Herr Reinhard wants you as a model for his church picture; are you willing?"

"For the church?" said Lorle, looking up and round, as though addressing some strange beings above and behind her.

"Why do you look like that?" asked her father.

"Nothing. I thought someone was behind me."

Her father began again :

"After to-morrow, your mother will be at home all the week, for we begin threshing. Then she can give heed to you, and be with you. Are you willing?"

"Yes!" replied Lorle in a firm voice, but

when in her chamber she wept and prayed the whole night through. She did not rightly know why, but her heart was so happy, and at the same time so sad.

Reinhard also passed a restless night, and on awakening with the first sunbeam, he muttered: "Mary-like! Yes, he was right!" Then he rose, and left the house quietly, carrying his hat, so as to cool his head in the fresh morning air. He stood for a moment, as though greeting the solemn early morn. By the mountain on which the church stood, he met the sexton, on his way to ring the bell for early mass. He accompanied him, mounted the tower with him, and sitting in the belfry, gazed through the dormer window into the far distance. Below in the valley sun and mist still strove together, but the former soon gained the mastery. The organ began to roar and reverberate, and Reinhard sat overhead, and thought of infinity.

Mass ended the sexton came and asked him to come down, as he wished to close the church. Reinhard descended in silence, and met Lorle coming out of the door.

"You have been to church?" she asked half questioningly.

"Yes, in the belfry."

Neither could talk much, they were too deeply moved. They felt as though stirred by

some supernatural power, and yet it was only their own wills.

Lorle looked pale; her mother feared she was ill, for she could not eat anything. But Lorle could scarcely answer her questions, she felt unable to speak.

When at length she sat beside the easel, Reinhard said :

“We will be cheerful, why should we be sad? Juhu!”

He said “we will,” yet cheerfulness was impossible to him. It seemed as if something had seized on his inmost soul, and held it fast.

“You do not think it a sin?” asked Lorle, modestly lowering her eyes.

“No,” replied Reinhard, in a hearty tone, and Lorle looked up satisfied. This assurance fully satisfied her.

The mother moved to and fro whilst Lorle sat there. At first the girl suffered the most painful embarrassment, and when Reinhard purposely made a joke, she asked : “May I laugh? May I also talk? Only tell me. I don’t want to hinder you.”

Reinhard assured her she had only to hold herself naturally. One thing however, he asked, that she would not put her hand up to her face so often.

“You are right there,” said Lorle, “I’ve noticed it myself. I know I’ve that bad habit,

and will leave it off. It seems, when I make marks on my face, that you are painting me now here and now there. I'm very stupid, ain't I? You can speak out straight. I won't take anything amiss from you."

It was with some difficulty that Reinhard refrained from embracing her. Her mother stood and looked from a distance, pressing her hands hard against her sides, so that she might not in her astonishment, touch the wet picture. She could find no words to express her astonishment at being able to recognise Lorle already. It was determined that no one in the village should know of the picture until the consecration of the church.

How still and peacefully those hours they spent together glided past. Far off, in the barn behind the house, were heard the regular blows of the threshing machine, and from the street there arose from time to time the cry of a child, or the noise of rumbling wheels. Then again all was still, and not a sound could be heard.

Once Lorle said: "I feel as though I were no longer in the village, or as though I were asleep, and only heard everything, I know not how. I don't know why, but I wouldn't sit thus for any other man in the whole world."

"Good Lorle," said Reinhard, "I know that no one in the world is so dear to you as I am.

Don't tremble," he continued, seizing her hand. "I know your whole life. Whilst I was wandering afar off, you still thought of me in secret. You grieved because I so often teased you, but you loved me just the same. And the evening I returned home, you wept because someone had abused me."

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake, has Barbel betrayed me?"

"Barbel knew then! No, no one told me anything. For love of me, you were kind to the Collaborator; and the night I sang that merry song beneath the lime-tree, you sorrowed silently, because I had demeaned myself."

"Gracious me, how could you learn all this?"

"I know everything, because I love you. You do love me truly?"

"Yes, a thousand, thousand times."

They embraced with a fervent kiss.

"Now," cried Reinhard at length. "Now I could be willing that both you and I should die."

"No," exclaimed Lorle, rising and clasping him in her strong arms, "no, now we truly live for the first time. Let us live long, long!" There was an heroic strength and a proud expectancy in her glance, as though she could conquer even death.

"Then you will be mine eternally?" asked Reinhard.

"Yes, in the name of God, yes. Always, ever."

A strange thrill shot through Reinhard's mind at the addition "in the name of God." He thought Lorle had not embraced him with her whole soul, nor with a joyful exaltation. He never suspected that she had striven with herself, and that she had submitted humbly to this love, as to a command from God.

"What is it? Haven't I done right?" she asked.

"Nothing, nothing!"

"May I go now, and tell mother?"

"No, wait a little. We will keep our secret awhile. Believe me, it is better so."

"Yes," said Lorle timidly. "I'll do what you say willingly. Tell me always what to do, and only what is right, what I ought to do, you good Reinhard."

"Do not say Reinhard any longer; call me by my Christian name, Woldemar."

Lorle laughed merrily, and to Reinhard's astonished question as to what was the matter, she replied:

"Excuse me—Woldemar, but it's so laughable. Woldemar! It's just like someone falling down stairs—Poldera—that's it, exactly. Mayn't I say 'Reinhard' instead? I've come

to love you under that name, and I'm so accustomed to it, do let me use it."

"Very well," said Reinhard, smiling half bitterly.

It is but a trifle, yet everyone has a certain affection for his Christian name. It is, as it were, something that has not been lent him, but is a part of his own inmost being. We do not take it lightly if it be considered unlovely. It is this sound before all others that binds us to mankind, that makes us known to them, and in it also lies the sweetest charm of the memories of childhood.

"You must be very good to me," said Lorle, laying her hand on Reinhard's shoulder, "or I shall die of anguish. Indeed, indeed, I am not worthy of you; I am far too poor. And there is another thing I want to say. You mustn't speak of me at all in the village; not to anyone. You told Martin I was a canary-bird, and now they call me canary through all the village. I don't mind their jesting about me, it's on your account, no one knows as I do."

"What?"

"What a dear fellow you are," said Lorle, snapping her teeth, and pulling Reinhard's beard.

Who can relate all the caresses and tender words that, from that day forth, passed in

Reinhard's workshop, that hitherto had been so quiet. Such an abundant wealth of love displayed itself in Lorle's humility, that Reinhard often stood before her marvelling and worshipping. Her speeches almost always ended with the words :

"Ah God ! I am not worthy of you."

"You are a million times better than I am !" cried Reinhard. "Better than all mankind ! I would willingly serve seven times seven years for you."

"By that time you would have grown old," said Lorle, smiling.

"Listen," continued Reinhard, "I have often regarded the whole world, and myself with it, as lost. I have lived in a whirl, a sinner in the midst of my repentance. It is impossible for you to comprehend how far I have sunk."

"I can comprehend everything ; only tell me all."

"Oh, love of my heart ! Beware of me. I have never had a friend whom I did not torment. The Collaborator is the only one who has remained faithful to me. I often bring sorrow on those for whom I would procure all that is good and happy. It is only since I have seen you, only since I have been thine, that I can look on the old Woldemar, and see what a wretched fellow he was ; not worthy to touch the hem of your garments.

I can make you happy, as never woman was before, or—eternally miserable.”

Lorle wept, but soon drying her tears, she said :

“Only beware of yourself, and then you will be better.” Then, pointing to her eyes, she added, pouting : I cannot bear anyone to abuse Reinhard ; even you must not do that. Now, don’t make me proud. See there, we will be good and virtuous together, and God will be sure to help us.”

“You make me quite pious again,” said Reinhard as he stood before her with folded hands.

The picture progressed steadily. Lorle was always exhorting to work, and Reinhard besought her not to let him grow idle. No one in the house guessed the new turn affairs had taken. Only Broni was admitted into their confidence. They frequently visited the Hollow Mill. How merrily the children shouted to the two lovers, when they discovered them wandering in the forest.

“Oh world full of blessedness !” Reinhard exclaimed once as he stood before Lorle. “This the Spirit of the Universe has reserved for Himself alone. From Him proceeds love, that will not suffer itself to be made, or painted. A being stands there, and holds me imprisoned by a magic spell. All is beautiful,

all that thou art. And had a being the wings of a seraph, and there were no love, it would pass away leaving no trace behind. I thank the eternal Spirit of the Universe, that thou hast given me what I did not dare to seek."

"I do not rightly understand you," said Lorle.

"Indeed, I do not understand myself. But what does it matter? Come, look at me, and let me behold in silence what a life of goodness there is in me."

The picture approached completion. The lovers spoke of everything except the future. Both feared it inwardly; Reinhard because he knew not how it would turn out, and Lorle, because she felt how bitter it would be to tear herself from her parental home.

A disagreement now occurred between the lovers. Lorle having sat for the Madonna, Reinhard now wished her to hold on her lap the child with whom she had played beneath the lime-tree. This she refused to do.

"It is a sin, a terrible sin," she asserted, but Reinhard standing firm, in the end she consented, saying with a sigh, "I must, if it please God, do all you require." But she trembled so in every limb that the child cried aloud. At last Reinhard managed to console them both, the child with sweetmeats, and Lorle with tender words.

The drapery was hurriedly painted in, in the ground colours. Then, one day, Reinhard said the head was to receive the last touches, that were to bring the colours into harmony, and he begged Lorle to remain perfectly still for a few hours longer. The girl nodded silently, she no longer ventured to speak. At Reinhard's desire, she held her head raised, and looked upwards towards the blue heaven. White fleecy clouds flitted across the sky, the wide expanse was calm and peaceful. Then a cloud floated along, bore away a small cloud, and sank with it below her circle of vision. Another was already stretching above her head. Who could tell its length, how dark its ground, or how soon it would break? Only He who stands on the vault of heaven can measure it. Far beneath lies the earth; it sweeps on, passing, passing; the earth is sunk down and down; a spirit has swept over the clouds.

Thus Lorle had pressed forward into heaven. Reinhard gazed on her fixedly for some time, and then painted away industriously.

There was a long silence; they scarcely ventured to breathe.

"What were you thinking of just now?" asked Reinhard. "Your countenance was transfigured."

"I have been dead and alone," said Lorle with a ghastly look, raising her arms and let-

ting them fall again as though lifeless. Reinhard seized her hand, but he could not speak, he could only gaze on her, as on a supernatural apparition.

"Now would I also die," said Lorle at length, and Reinhard replied : "And now I say as you did, 'No. Now we live truly for the first time; and may we live long, long.'"

"Am I finished?" asked Lorle, rising.

"Yes."

"Then I will go. We shall soon be more cheerful."

Reinhard would have kissed her at parting, but she repulsed him sharply, saying : "No, not now, if you love me———."

Now Reinhard again took a few days' recreation. He felt very strange, for he had lived for many days in a state of tension and excitement. When he explained this to Lorle, she said :

"I too feel as if I had come from a strange place; as if I had never been at home."

During his wanderings Reinhard again encountered Wendelin. The boy looked so miserable that Reinhard asked : "Why are you so sad? Is it because you have a new little brother?"

"No, it's not that. Father says, where five are half-starved one can do with a sixth."

"What is it, then?"

“Why, you see Dapple there”—he pointed to a stately cow—“she was sold the day before yesterday for fifty-three gulden. Reuberer, the butcher from C.”—he named the chief town of the district—“bought her. She is to stay with us for about six weeks longer, then he will fetch her, and I shall get a fee of twenty-four kreutzers. But I don’t want it. Dapple is dearer to me than anything. I am so sorry for her; she eats away, as though she will live for ever, and then the butcher comes, strikes her once on the head, and there she lies dead.”

The boy looked thoughtfully at Reinhard; then he continued:

“There’s one thing I’m glad of, and that is, the butcher has been cheated.”

“In what way?”

“Why, you see, he paid too dear for the cow, but he wished to be pleasant to the master, because he wants to marry Lorle, and there he will be cheated again.”

“Why? Don’t you still think so well of Lorle?”

“Oh you,” said the boy, angrily, “why with that long beard of his, he looks at me just like a stuck goat! Yes, you look to it, I’m not afraid, I’m not infatuated with you as Lorle is.”

“How do you know that?”

“Ah, I’m not stupid. Why, Martin went to

the town last Sunday, so I cleaned your boots for him, and Lorle came in and said I must do them well, and then she looked at them with such a pair of eyes. My, they were eyes ! Of course I knew what that meant. And last night, when I was in bed, I heard mother tell father that Lorle was head over ears in love with you. When Lorle's gone, and Dapple's gone, I shall go away too."

Reinhard sought to comfort him, but the boy scarcely seemed to need his sympathy, for the moment he was alone, he sang and joddled cheerfully.

So their relations were known in the village. Reinhard walked thoughtfully along the valley. It was evening, the mowers were busy mowing the after-grass, that was already wet with dew; the dying blades breathed forth a fragrant perfume. He spread out his arms, as though wishing to press a thousand lives to his breast. Then a sudden sadness took possession of him. Rashly, in the ardour of their youthful love, he had wished to call Lorle his own ; and yet his future was so uncertain. But he threw the thought from him the next moment. He would enjoy to-day, the fleeting minutes ; and what cannot a fresh heart, wandering in the open air accomplish ?

Forgetting himself, Reinhard gazed awhile at the evening gnats, that now came forth in

search of food, and hung still and motionless on a speck in the air, as if hanging on an evening sunbeam, their wings moving at their sides like light wheels of cloud; then they flew away as though struck. They had seized a scarcely visible prey, and now held themselves motionless in a new place. The noise of day was hushed, a soft evening breeze whispered through the grass and the branches of the trees. He wandered on and on. On the opposite side of the brook, he heard a youth singing :

“Ihr Sternle am Himmel,
Ihr Tröpfle im Bach,
Verzählet mei’n Schätzle
Mein Weh und mein Ach.”

Oh, love cannot find sufficient messengers to proclaim its unutterable blessedness and its deep sorrow. The youth sang on :

“Die Sternle ins Wasser,
Die Fischle in’n See,
Die Loeb’ geht tief abe,
Geht niemals in d’Höh.”

The song ended in a cheerful key :

“Ganget weg, ihr Burgersmädle,
Ganget weg, ihr Patschele,
Da nehm’ i mir e Bauermädle,
Das sind recht wackere.”

When Reinhard arrived home late in the evening, he found a letter from the town waiting for him. It was from the Collaborator, and was as follows :

“Kleinresidenzlingen, in one of the dog days.

“Often have I listened to a bird in the forest, who sang his melody to me a hundred times, as though I must understand it, and it seemed to me that only when at length I prepared to depart the merry fellow sang out of the fullness of his soul. It was as if he called after me : ‘You do not yet understand what I sing, and millions will come after you, and they too will not understand.’ I feel this also with regard to the spirit of the people. It seems to me that it begins to sing and sound rightly to me now that I am away from it. This romantic longing of modern humanity after what is behind it unsettles one’s brain; and indeed I have a wry-neck.

“‘It is not good that man should live for himself alone, therefore I will create him employment.’ Thus spake the Lord God, when He had made the German people. Then the oaks of the forests had their places appointed, and received the command of the Almighty that at some future time they should be the symbols and guardians of German strength and German liberty : and so there are amongst

them Refendaries and Assessors, Privy Councillor Oaks and acting Privy Councillors, each with his distinctive leaf. We Germans are the most solid nation in the world: it is the most shameful calumny to deny us common sense. If anyone wishes to be a made man, he seats himself in the chair of an appointment and eats out of the public spoon. Fichte has defined the essence of the German men of letters too exclusively from the side of his subjective idealism. I am now making extracts from it, as I intend to point out in a biographical sketch the influence state appointments have had on the formation of the German character.

“I have found a nice name for the eminent species of humanity: they shall be called the ice-eating animals. A beautiful example visited me this morning: your patron, the stout, red president of the table d’hôte, the honourable and beautifully perfumed Count de Foulard. He made many enquiries concerning you. The Prince has returned from Italy, where he bought many pictures; he heard of your fame in Rome, and is entranced with your Forest Mill. In short, he intends to build a gallery, and wishes to put you in fetters, or in other words, to give you an appointment. I do not know what you will think of this. I have also petitioned about my place, in the secret hope that nothing will come of it. For

seven years I have revelled, the patient shepherd of books, and have only cut a piece from the fleece of one and another for my extracts, just so much as remained hanging in the hedge. I should be glad if you had a grinding trough at your feet, that we might keep you here. But do what you like, I advise nothing ; but should you have a desire for the appointment, come as speedily as possible.

“My sister and I have taken a new lodging. She has given up her millinery business, and now takes care of my old age. I have soup in the evening, and at mid-day, and may live to be a hundred.

“Greet the Alpine rose for me. God send her dew and sunshine enough, and let her thrive.

“I am writing this letter on the new catalogue that I have made. I am quite alone, as my Head Whale is enjoying himself at the sea-baths.

“Thine,

“Coalybrater.

“Postscript.—By the way, I can only pay you the seven gulden you lent me for my homeward journey at the quarter, the 1st October, when I receive my salary. If you want it earlier, I will borrow it of someone else.

“Our schoolfellow R., the so-called Perfo-

rated-principle, has received a vocation in the department of the other world. He has become assistant at the Last Judgment.

"The earthquake we had here the day before yesterday delighted me exceedingly. How all the people trembled! Thus must a flea feel, when established on the back of a poodle ill of a fever."

Having read this letter, Reinhard gave out that he must travel down to the capital on the morrow, but would soon return. Lorle could not sleep all night, her mind was full of fancies about this speedy journey. Reinhard could have calmed her with a single word, but he never thought of it. In the morning, he saw her alone for a moment, and said hurriedly: "If I have any good luck, you shall share it with me."

"If only I get you safely back," was the reply; she said nothing about the sharing.

The landlord's house was now still and peaceful as heretofore. Although in the latter days of his stay, Reinhard had played fewer wild tricks, he was always making a noise about the place. Now everything went on in its old way, and scarcely anyone thought of the absent friend. How quickly the stream of life closes behind a man, when once he steps out of the circle! Lorle, however, cherished Reinhard's memory day and night. She had always

been gentle and loving to her parents, and to all the household, but now she was doubly so. She wanted to make and do everything for everybody. None knew her motive, and none troubled about it; but Lorle did it with a heart-felt apology. Knowing she had already forsaken them in her thoughts, and would soon separate herself from them entirely, she wished to show them as much kindness as she could.

Arrived in the town, Reinhard urged his appointment with all eagerness. To the Collaborator's expressions of surprise, he replied: "I need only confess to you that I am in love with Lorle."

"What?" cried the Collaborator with much emotion. Astonishment and sorrow were visible on his countenance. "If she were ever to tear herself from her home, and marry one of us, it should be me; me alone. Yes, you may smile, I alone understand her. You are far too wild; properly, you should never marry. Has her father promised you the maiden?"

"No."

"So there is still the chance that she will belong to neither of us," concluded the Collaborator, maliciously.

Reinhard did not quit the capital until he received the notice of his appointment. On the morning after this had been made out, he addressed himself on waking: "Good morning,

Herr Inspector-with-the-title-of-Professor, have you rested well? So you have been surrounded with a dog-collar, and yet you found it so pleasant wandering about as you chose in the open air. Standing before the glass, he bowed to himself in quite a stately manner, and said: "Your servant, Herr Professor! Your most obedient servant!"

Yet he rejoiced in thinking how differently he could now approach the landlord of The Calves, and ask to wed his daughter, and how happy Lorle would be.

Without loss of time, he packed together his lay-figures, and the old silks he had bought to serve as drapery, and was soon rolling back to the village where his love dwelt.

CHAPTER V.

STEADY, NOW.

A THOUGHT came into Reinhard's mind during this journey that made his cheeks kindle with a strange glow. He had just come from the circle of a drawing-room existence; he had been fascinated by this refined world, the elegance, the lively play of mind, the flow of light music, and the brilliant sparkle of wit, so far removed from rough reality, and reaching so far beyond the narrow enclosure of burgher life. He quickly suppressed this thought, but it returned again in a new form. It showed him that Lorle would never understand this freedom of life, that she still stood far distant from his artistic sphere of thought. In his own house, he would be a stranger, and his deepest thoughts would never be understood.

It was a drop of bad blood in Reinhard, and it made his cheeks glow.

He thought of educating Lorle gradually, but rejected the idea the next moment, almost exclaiming aloud : "No, she shall remain the

free child of Nature she is, amidst all the frippery of town. She needs no other world, I am her world." He begged her pardon in thought for having allowed his mind to withdraw itself from her, even for a moment.

An excitable mind, having to take wide strides, reaching from one turn of life to another, has its good and bad sides. The full flow of a current of happy feeling is oft-times stopped; but again, a facility for closing up the broadest discrepancies is evoked.

Reinhard journeyed on, careless as though he were not about to take the decisive action of his life. His longing was purified and peaceful. Leaving his luggage at the station, he hastened along the forest path to the village. The nearer he approached, the fiercer the flames of love burned in his veins; his pulses quivered as he ran into the house. Barbel, who was standing at the doorway, extended her hard hand to him, saying:

"You're soon back again. I didn't expect it."

Reinhard made no reply. His first word must be spoken to Lorle. He hastened up the steps. No one was in the house. Lorle, so Barbel told him, had gone with her parents to the town whence he had just come.

He would be obliged to wait for hours, with the news of the accomplishment of his life's desire on his lips. It was a hard trial to him.

He soon went out again, in the hope of meeting the party on their return, but after travelling for an hour along the forest path, it occurred to him that, whilst he was walking there thinking, the little carriage with the returning party might be rolling along the highway. Silently he retraced his steps, but they were still absent. Then he was tormented by the thought that Lorle might be taken from him by force ; her parents were with her in the town, and he was forced to confess that he might have brought this about by his reserve. But Lorle's fidelity stood out before him once more, and when night came, it seemed to him that the picture on the easel shone with a light of its own. He kindled a light, and examined the picture after his absence ; he was almost astonished at himself ; here was something accomplished, that another, a mightier, hand had created.

He took his guitar, and tried to play and sing, but he soon left off, and at length threw himself dressed upon his bed. He wished to speak of his plans that night, not to lose an hour of his happiness, but he overslept the arrival of the family, that did not take place until very late.

Her mother had gone to bed, her father sat reading the newspaper he had brought home with him, but in spite of all admonitions, Lorle

continually found something to do in the room. At last she approached her father timidly, and said :

“Aetti, I have a request to make. Put out the light, and stay here.”

“Steady, now; what’s that for?”

“I ask it. I’ve something to tell you, and I can’t say it thus.”

“Foolish child, on my account. Well, the light is out now, so speak.”

Lorle laid her hand on her father’s shoulder, and with trembling voice, whispered in his ear :

“Herr Reinhard loves me, and I love him. He wants me, and I want him, and no one else in the world.”

“So ? And you have settled it together ?”

“Yes !”

“Well, keep steady now, and go to bed. To-morrow is a day, and we will talk of it another time.”

Prayers and entreaties were alike useless. Lorle could gain no other answer.

When, following his usual custom, the landlord examined the house for the night, he found Reinhard’s door half-open. He turned the key on the outside, and locked him in.

Lorle was awake by her father very early the following morning. When she came downstairs, he said : “You will go to the

Hollow Mill immediately, and wait there till I come."

Lorle was obliged to obey. She knew that no remonstrance would help her; she did not even dare to go upstairs again, but left the house at once.

The landlord walked about, and quarrelled with Stephen and everyone, because they had not passed a sleepless night as he had done. At last he sat down in the little room, and read the prices for fruit in the various markets. But, in spite of the high price, he pressed his lips firmly together, and drummed the floor angrily with his feet. A loud knocking was now heard at a door overhead. Then mine host remembered having locked Reinhard in, and he ordered Barbel to unlock the door. By this means he saved himself from explaining to the painter the reason for his action. Coming downstairs, Reinhard extended both hands towards his host, but the latter sat still, and held his paper with both hands, and keeping his eyes turned from his guest, said: "You have returned to this place?"

"And, I hope, to home," said Reinhard.

"Steady, now. I tell you straight, pack up your things, and God be wi' you."

"And Lorle?" asked Reinhard, trembling.

"I'll soon set that right again. That's my

affair, and no one has any right to enquire into it."

"And I do not leave this house, until Lorle tells me to go."

"So? Is that the fashion with you men from the town? Well, I have other methods. Do you understand?" said the landlord, rising.

"I did not think you had so much peasant's pride in you," said Reinhard.

Mine host snorted grimly, and clenched his fists. He looked at Reinhard from head to foot, as though he would say: "What do you think? Do I look like a man to whom you can talk thus?"

Reinhard shook his head; at length he said: "Formerly you were such a sensible man, why are you so angry now? What harm have I done you?"

These conciliatory words did not fail in their effect, and the landlord replied in faltering tones:

"So? And my child—to steal away my only daughter?"

"Let Lorle speak for herself. Where is she?" said Reinhard.

"In her skin, and if she's not there, she's lost. Lorle does not come here so long as you remain here."

After awhile, during which he attentively

watched Reinhard's countenance, which was flushed with grief, mine host continued :

"I'll tell you where the maid is. She's at the Hollow Mill."

"I promise you," returned Reinhard, quickly, "that I will not speak a word to her without your knowledge."

"I believe you," said the landlord, "you've always been an honest fellow hitherto. Now I must go to the fields."

He went out, and Reinhard returned to his room. How fortunate it was that he could paint the drapery from his models ! He was unusually industrious, and ordered his dinner to be brought to his room.

Barbel, who knew all, comforted him, saying he must not lose hope, the old man was tough, and required to be a long while before the fire, before he grew soft. The mother also crept softly in, she said nothing about the principal matter, but, by the care she evinced for all his requirements, Reinhard knew that she was on his side.

In the evening Reinhard told the landlord that he had accepted an appointment entirely from love for Lorle, and that he would make her eternally happy. Mine host listened in silence and only looked thoughtfully at his visitor across the glass he was raising to his mouth.

When Barbel brought Reinhard his coffee the following morning, she said :

“Happiness and blessing.”

“Why so ?”

“Why, you have become a Professor, the old man chattered a good deal about it to his wife last night. It pleased him greatly. The water begins to boil already.”

The old man went about the house grumbling ever more and more. He even had some tiny quarrels with his wife, a thing that had never happened before. He had far sooner that she had attacked him boldly with words and prayers, so that he might have set the matter in right train, but she, as they say, made no fuss. She would not have the responsibility for what the future might bring. Besides, it was a weary, woeful thing to let her child go so far away, amongst people who were strangers. She was so weary with care and thought, that she would sit down and rest, now here now there, wherever she could find a place.

On the third day, the landlord of The Calves sought Reinhard's room, seated himself, and remained for a long while without speaking. At length he began :

“I've made up my mind. It's like tearing a piece of my heart out, to let the child go so far away, but what's to be done? Now I have this proposition to make. I will send my Lorle

to the sisters at the convent for a year, after that, if you both wish it as you do now, then, in God's name, so let it be."

Reinhard opposed the idea, declaring that Lorle had nothing to learn, and that, just as she was, she would make him happy. At this, the old man laughed, and went away.

Three days and three nights Lorle had remained at the mill, a prey to sorrowful thoughts. Still no messenger came. Stephen knew nothing, and she often felt as though she had been transferred to another world. On the fourth morning her father came for her; He looked most ungracious, and Lorle followed him in silence, like a lamb going to the slaughter. He was not angry with her, however, but only angry with himself, because he felt obliged to yield.

"Do you still love Reinhard?" he asked, after they had walked some considerable distance.

"Yes, and shall so long as I live," replied Lorle. Then again they walked forward in silence, neither speaking a word. The landlord was not the man to try and prepare a surprise; his daughter must keep silent until he began to speak, and he had no wish to speak; what he had to say was not pleasant, and it was too great an effort to say it twice over.

Having received the information that Lorle

was returning with her father, Reinhard hastened out to meet them, and as they came in sight, his love flamed forth afresh, and he cried :

“Father, give me Lorle, now, here!”

“Steady, now,” exclaimed the landlord. “We don’t do these things like beggar-folk behind the hedge. Wait till we get home.”

The words of that last sentence were full of promise. The lovers walked forward hand in hand; they needed no exchange of words. As they approached the village, Lorle found that something was wrong with her apron-string, that obliged her to let go Reinhard’s hand ; and she did not take it again.

At last the whole family was assembled in the little room; all stood. Mine host alone was seated, and after a sufficient pause, he began :

“What do you think, old woman; shall we give them to each other?”

“What you do is right,” replied his wife.

“See, Lorle,” said her father, “that is the way a woman must behave. Mark you that, before the day on which you become a wife.” Lorle flushed crimson at hearing her future thus discussed, and the old man continued :

“I think we may as well let them take hands upon it. When the harvest is over we will hold the betrothal, and at the end of a year they can marry, in God’s name. Is my

peasant's pride right there?" he asked, thumping Reinhard's shoulder.

"Good father!" was all that Reinhard could stammer forth.

"Well, you are a good fellow, I will not deny that. Now we have done."

They all extended their hands. Reinhard kissed his future mother-in-law tenderly, he could not kiss the landlord, but he shook his hand heartily.

But ere this scene of half-suppressed emotion was ended, the landlord again turned to Reinhard, saying :

"I have still a word to say to him, this rascal, this ballad-monger! He never once asks what I am going to give the maid, but acts as if he were going to receive a beggar lass. And all our good things, that we have saved up, are they nothing to him? *Potz Heidekuckuck*, that's a wretched way of managing. Yes, I'm in earnest, it's nothing to laugh at, *Himmelheide*——"

"For God's sake do be quiet," cried his wife. "If anyone hears you, they'll think you're scolding, or that we've quarrelled."

"Lorle," said her father, "mark you now, there's another thing you mustn't do. When the husband speaks, the wife must keep silent. That's enough now; go to your work, all of you."

They all departed, Lorle was leaving hand in hand with Reinhard, but her father beckoned her, saying :

“Stay here for a bit,” and when she was alone with him in the little room, he asked : “Are you satisfied now? You needn’t cry; you must be cheerful. Now be careful—yes, what I still wanted to say, yes—take heed, so that you can wear your wreath on your wedding-day with honour and a good conscience.”

Lorle did not throw herself on her father’s neck, nor did she hide her face; but, looking at him proudly and fearlessly, she replied, firmly :

“Aetti, you do not at all know how good he is.”

“I believe it, lass, and I’m glad if he is good. But don’t you rely on any other goodness than your own. Now go.”

Those were happy days that the lovers now spent. The public announcement of their relations made no difference in Reinhard; Lorle, on the contrary, felt herself much freer. She was delighted when anyone came from the village and wished her happiness. All had something to say in praise of Reinhard, and they only sorrowed because Lorle was going so far away. On her side, she made each one promise to visit her, and dwell and eat with her if they ever visited the capital.

Some of Lorle’s peculiarities showed them—

selves at once. She would scarcely ever let Reinhard take her arm when walking through the village, but outside, she seized it of herself, and skipped and sang full of joy. She could never be persuaded to walk with him in the afternoon of a working-day, but when the evening came, she was always ready for him. This was according to the custom of the village, under whose rule she lived.

There was one subject that caused much discussion between Reinhard and his father-in-law. The former wished to marry early in the autumn; he could not bear to cherish hope and desire for months and years. The landlord would not hear of the matter being rushed through in such a hurry. The women-folk in the house knew all the time that he would give way, and the mother ordered all the weavers in the neighbourhood to weave cloth, and all the seamstresses to stitch it, whilst the Collaborator's sister ordered some town clothes for Lorle from measures that were sent her.

Lorle would not let her engagement release her from any work, or duty in the house. In truth, she was more active than ever. She wanted to put everything in order, and leave all in its proper place. She was like a faithful servant, who, before leaving her service, of her own free will scrubs and cleans the house from top to bottom. Reinhard was obliged to let

her have her own way, and she was always full of fresh life for their evening walk.

"I feel," said she once, "as if to-day were Saturday, and to-morrow Sunday; then another day comes, and again it is Saturday to me, and so on and on. I am so happy, so very happy, I could—I don't know what I could."

Another time, as they were walking through the forest, some night-moths flew in her face. She was vexed, but Reinhard said :

"Your face is so full of light, that the night-moths wish to burn themselves there. I would do likewise."

She seized the bough of a tree, and shaking the night-dew into his face, said :

"So, there, the fire's extinguished."

Lorle's first tears during her betrothal were shed over quaking grass and blue harebells.

The lovers were walking through a meadow, when Reinhard uprooted some of these plants to show Lorle the wonderfully beautiful construction of the quaking grass, and the fine proportions of the bluebells : "It is one of the most beautiful things one can see," said he, at the end of a long explanation.

"It is just grass," replied Lorle, on which he exclaimed :

"How can you say anything so stupid, after I have been talking to you about it for a quarter of an hour?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears. Reinhard strove to comfort her, but inwardly he was still vexed; he forgot that only those who have long contemplated the rarity and beauty of decorative plants, can enjoy the beautiful form of the grass.

From that evening Lorle's heart beat sorrowfully. She did not blame Reinhard, but she became almost distrustful of herself. She thought herself so fearfully stupid, and often when he asked her anything she was frightened, but she could not lie, nor could she simulate interest or understanding. Love, however, overcame all. Lorle determined to listen when he talked, because he was so much cleverer. Thus in the end she lost her timidity, and was again the joyous child of former days.

Once, however, Reinhard was a horrible picture to her. One evening, whilst sitting with her father, he was unusually cheerful over his glass. Lorle cut the bread for the soup, and was thoroughly happy to see they liked each other so much. She kept looking from one to the other, and then she clasped her hands firmly together, as though they were the hands of the two faithful men, who were sitting so confidentially together. Reinhard had again been indulging in all manner of pranks. Suddenly he rose, tumbled about the room, and spoke unintelligible words with lolling

tongue, just as though he were drunk. Lorle knew well that he was only joking, yet she wrang her hands above her head, and cried aloud with all her might :

“Reinhard ! Reinhard ! For pity’s sake, leave off ! You must not act thus.”

Reinhard left off immediately, but Lorle trembled over the joke for a long time. She was by no means sentimental, she knew life and its deformities, and had already sent many a drunken man about his business, but Reinhard appeared to her quite degraded and distorted through such an imitation. His lofty being, to which she looked up so humbly, must not be lowered even in jest. Almost the whole night she could think of nothing but that hateful picture, and it was only on the following morning, when Reinhard promised never to play such a joke again, that it disappeared from her mind.

These two incidents were the only interruptions in their life of love. Otherwise, joy went ever before them, and rapture greeted them from every leaf on the trees, and from every blade of grass.

Who can comprehend how a soul delights and rejoices when it mounts silently into union with another ? Why is it that everywhere, and over all, there rings towards us from a thousand bells, news of the sorrows and discords of life ?

Is it sorrow alone that calls forth our consciousness, and reveals us to ourselves? Joy and rapture are our true existence, there our individual consciousness is submerged, dissolved in love. It dies in love, and yet lives the true, the blessed eternal life.

The Madonna was finished, and sent to the capital for exhibition. To his vexation, Reinhard heard that the Collaborator had imprudently disclosed who sat as the model for the Madonna. An Englishman who, whilst at Rome, had become a Roman Catholic, and was staying at the Residence, bought the picture for a considerable sum. Reinhard let him have it because he did not care to bring his wife to the town where the picture was, and for another reason. Every relation has its material aspect. Reinhard required money for household necessities, and yet it was with a feeling of sorrow that he saw the picture he had created out of the innermost depths of his soul, wander away to a lonely chapel in England, where he would never see it more. He let it go, however.

The Collaborator hired a house for Reinhard, and his sister set it in order. When this news arrived, the landlord was again importuned to allow the wedding as soon as possible.

Mine host was full of self-reliance and independence, and yet it pleased him greatly to say

to the people in the village: "My daughter's betrothed, the Professor." Besides, Reinhard had grown very dear to his heart. Thus, when the women now added their entreaties to Reinhard's, he said:

"I see well enough that you have already settled matters together. I know that I count for nothing in the house. Well, do as you like, so far as I am concerned."

Reinhard immediately hurried to the priest, to ask him to publish the banns for the first time on Sunday. He now worked on the promised church picture with astonishing industry. He painted in rough figures for the distance, and only devoted special care to the execution of particular heads. The wedding was fixed for the Sunday before the consecration of the new church. Lorle had begged that she might remain until after the festival, but Reinhard had lost all desire to take part in this rejoicing; he longed to be away from the village.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY GO OUT INTO THE WIDE WORLD.

BRONI came over from the mill, and spent the whole of the last week with Lorle. The girls slept in the same bed, and often chattered half the night. Lorle could not instruct Broni sufficiently how to take care of her parents, when she herself should be no longer there.

The evening before the wedding Lorle stood beside Barbel, weeping bitterly at leaving her faithful nurse. She would not know how to take care of herself in the town, she mourned.

"I can't keep silent any longer," said Barbel, I promised not to say anything about it, but I can't help it. Be comforted; Reinhard begged me so long and earnestly, that I am going to town with you. Be happy, I will remain with you as long as you need me."

Lorle hastened to Reinhard, and embraced him tenderly; she also chased away the ill-humour he was feeling at a letter he had just received from the Collaborator. Reinhard had invited him to the wedding as his only friend,

and the letter declining the invitation, and alleging as the reason refusal of leave, was full of fretful bitterness against Reinhard.

Reinhard saw Lorle for a moment on the wedding morning, and said: "I feel as proud and happy as a king on the day of his coronation."

"Nonsense, be quiet," said Lorle. Those were the only words she spoke to him before the ceremony.

She was married in her village costume. On returning from church, she went to her chamber to don her town dress. Long she knelt in that little room, and prayed, weeping:

"Oh, holy and gracious God, I will gladly die when Thou wilt. Thou hast helped me hitherto; I will take upon me all that Thou shalt see good to send. I have passed through that; Thou art good, and hast let me pass through it. Help me to be good. Help me, oh my God! Help!"

Rising, she called Broni to dress her. She discarded her low-cut silk dresses, and chose a simple white dress, that fastened to the throat.

Everyone gazed on her with pleasure when she came downstairs. Her walk, every movement of her hand—all was calm and solemn, reminding one of some holy chant.

At table everything passed off cheerfully. Mine host was in a merry mood, and made all

manner of jokes. Lorle felt herself responsible for her father's speeches, and she considered many of them most unsuitable. She played with her fork on her plate, pretending to eat, but in reality eating nothing.

"I have had enough, quite enough," was her constant reply, when urged to eat, and the answer was perfectly true.

"Leave her in peace," cried mine host at length; "suppose Lorle doesn't eat anything. My children are all greedy, they relish everything, they come out of a rough stall. On that account, Professor, you can journey with my Lorle to Paris, if you like. She isn't dainty."

He looked round at his guests as he spoke, expecting their applause, but when praise was not forthcoming, he exclaimed, excited by wine :

"To the prosperity of the new church, Herr Pastor, and may the inside—yes—Oh, I know something—but it musn't be told, about my daughter's husband—but nothing may be said beforehand."

The musicians in the room played many cheerful airs, and the merriment was at its height when, during a lull in the noise, the crack of a whip was heard before the door. Reinhard and Lorle rose immediately, and the others followed them. In front of the inn

stood the little carriage, the luggage was securely strapped in, the black horse was harnessed, and Martin stood ready, holding the bridle.

Lorle looked steadfastly on the ground as she crossed the courtyard, as though there were impediments everywhere, over which she must pass. The wedding guests gathered round the little carriage, then Wendelin approached, sobbing, and gave Lorle a blackbird he had caught, in a cage made by himself. Lorle must take it with her. They promised Barbel should take it to town when she went, as it was not convenient to take with them now. The boy walked away in silence with his bird, mine host took the whip from the carriage, and struck the horse, making it bound up so that Martin could scarcely hold it.

"Give heed," said he, addressing Reinhard, "when you start on a journey, give the horse a cut with the whip, that he may know you have one; then very often he won't want it all the way along. It is the same with a wife. Make her aware from the first who is master, after that she is good; and you can let the whip stand quietly aside. But the bridle must always be held fast—RR! Rapp! O, oha!"

He looked up with a smirk, after this clever speech. But he was certainly unfortunate in his remarks; however wisely he talked, the

people did not respond properly. Lorle stood leaning against her mother, weeping bitterly. She was, as it were, bowed down with grief.

"Old man," said the mother, "you might find something better than that to say at parting, when our child is leaving us, it may be for ever." Then she pressed her lips together unable to utter another word.

Mine host felt as if someone had thrown a pail of cold water over his head. He put up the whip, saying:

"Nu, nu, nu—steady, now! Lorle, I'll say this to you, you mustn't cry. If you want money—all you want, whatever it is—you know you've a father, and when a boy comes, you'll know where to find the god-parents. Do you understand? Don't cry, I can't stand crying. Don't cry, or, by God, I'll not let you stir!"

He drew his hat firmer on his head, clenched his fists, and continued:

"You're not to be sold by me—no, not for a million! Come here, Professor, if you regret your bargain, you can leave me my Lorle. Stay at home, Lorle."

The young bride extended her hand to her father, and raising her eyes, looked at him with a smile, as he added:

"Professor, listen this once to what I have to say. Stay here with Lorle. Throw down the trumpery they have given you before the

doors of those people in town ; you don't need it. You're my daughter's husband, take over the management of the inn. You can be landlord of The Limes, I give it all over to you. We will move into the lower rooms. Order your things to be unpacked. Stay here."

"And my art, and my business?" asked Reinhard.

"Yes, truly, I understand nothing about that," replied the landlord, holding Lorle's hand fast, and biting his lips, to keep back emotion that threatened to overpower him.

The mother drew Reinhard aside, and said :

"Keep a faithful watch over my Lorle, there isn't such another as far as the heavens are blue. She has a very tender heart, and if she has any sorrow it will prey upon her, it may almost break her heart and—be careful she doesn't take cold in those town clothes. She isn't accustomed to them yet. And be sure you have some hot soup for her, where you stay for the night. She must eat something, indeed she must ; she hasn't touched a morsel to-day, and—and also, think often of your own mother in Heaven—and—God protect you!"

To Lorle, her mother scarcely spoke again ; she only stroked her beautiful mantle, and asked :

"Are you warm ? Be careful, it will turn

cold in the evening, particularly when you're driving."

Lorle nodded, she was unable to speak.

"Stephan," called the landlord, "bring out a bottle of old woman's wine to the carriage. Herr Professor, I challenge you to drink, and you, Lorle, you must drink too."

"Yes," said her mother, "drink it, it'll make you warm."

Lorle felt obliged to drink, but a tear fell into the glass.

They lifted her into the carriage, and as Reinhard was about to follow, the landlord gave him a rough blow on the shoulder, saying :

"What do you expect to come to, you rogue, you wretched fellow, you heathen ; you're taking away my child with you."

It was but an expression of affection, but it made Lorle laugh amidst her tears.

"Hu now ! God speed you, drive on !" cried the landlord.

The musicians, who until now had been silent, struck up a merry march, and the little carriage rolled away.

They who have stood by when a loved one has been taken from them and have felt how their whole soul strained after the departing treasure, may sympathise with the parents when they saw their child drive away. The

mother stood still, feeling as though the earth were trembling beneath her, as though she, too, were being carried away, and nothing stood firm any longer. Her child, whom she had pressed so often to her heart, over whom her eyes had watched through the silent nights, for so many years, and whom she had cared for during the day, was gone. She clasped her hands tightly, as though holding her child by a spiritual tie. At length she uttered a loud cry, and threw her arms round her husband's neck. The guests, deeply moved, looked compassionately at the disconsolate parents. The priest strove to comfort the mourners with words of consolation. The mother turned her face towards him still wet with tears, and shook her head, but the landlord said :

"That is all good, yes, yes, but you can't quite enter into it. You don't know what it means to give away one's child."

The priest was silent.

"Come in, old woman," continued the landlord, seizing his wife under the arm, a thing he rarely ever did, "come in. Now we must take care of each other again. In the beginning, when we kept house, we had no children, and soon again we shall have none at home. Come, we will still have a little dance. Musicians, strike up!"

Once in the house, the landlord was only

too glad to change his sorrow to anger. He railed at the new fashion of going away immediately after the wedding breakfast, and leaving the dance to itself. It was like a birth without a child, he said over and over again.

In the meantime Lorle drove swiftly away with Reinhard, without looking round. She held fast to the carriage, as though she now sat in it for the first time in her life, just as one climbs on a high pedestal, and lets it roll away, and does not move oneself.

"We are driving away," she said to Reinhard, and he knew not what she meant.

Wendelin sat by the wayside outside the village, the cage in his hand. As the bridal party approached, he took the bird from the cage, and held it aloft to them. Was it accident, or design? The bird escaped from his grasp, and flew away, and Wendelin returned home with the empty cage.

The young married pair drove on in silence; Lorle had so many thoughts, that, properly speaking, she had none. On reaching a stile, she said:

"Drive steady now, Martin. Why did you harness the black horse, he doesn't like going in the shafts? Come, Reinhard, let us get out."

"Would you not rather remain in the carriage? Well, it shall be just as you like."

Reinhard leapt out, lifted Lorle down, and held her for some time in the air, until she cried:

"Let me down on the ground."

As they went on, Reinhard said:

"As I held you in the air, so have I taken you away from your own earth. I alone hold you, you are mine, before all people in the world, before everything."

Lorle did not well understand what he meant, she only thought he had said he was stronger than she was, and that he was her lord, and she was pleased.

"Do you remember your dream?" she asked.

Reinhard had entirely forgotten that dream on his first night in the village. Whilst repeating it, Lorle more than once assured him she was not afraid on that account:

"I don't believe in dreams," she asserted.

"More than ten times already, I've dreamt my father was dead, and that I walked behind his corpse; and, with God's blessing, he's still well and strong. Yet it makes me sad that he's so stout, and won't move willingly. If only I could know what he's doing now! It seems to me that I haven't seen them for such a long time. But no, they're at home washing up the dishes. They'll not have

finished before ten o'clock to-night, and Wendelin's mother, who's helping them, lets everything fall out of her hands."

"Leave the dishes to Barbel, and let your thoughts be with me," replied Reinhard.

"Yes, yes, but you must talk, or I shall say nothing but silly things."

"We need not talk, when I have you with me."

"I, too, am satisfied."

Arrived in G—, the next town, Reinhard and Lorle had supper in their own room alone. He gave her the first spoonful of soup, as you give it to a child. She let him please himself; then she helped herself and made a hearty meal. When supper was over, she put the plates in each other, shook the cloth out of window, and folded it in its original creases.

"There one sees the landlord's daughter," said Reinhard, smiling. "There is no need for you to do that, the waiter can do it."

"Do let me," said Lorle, "I can't bear the dishes to remain on the table after the meal is ended."

He let her have her own way, and called her his little housewife, who would make every strange dwelling home to him. They sat quietly together, leaning against each other, when suddenly Reinhard threw himself

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at her feet, and clasping her knees, cried, sobbing :

"I am not worthy of thee, thou most pure, most gracious!"

Lorle raised and comforted him, then she said :

"Now I have a request to make. Let us drive on further, it's so beautifully bright and moonlight; do it to please me, dear Reinhard."

They drove on further through the moonlit night, in silent ecstasy.

Lorle, however, thought often of home. She would have liked to know if they had already gone to sleep, or if they were still dancing. Once she said to Reinhard :

"Do you know that beautiful waltz they played as we drove away from home? It seems to me that I can still hear the music."

At the same time, at home, her mother had gone upstairs to Lorle's room, and seeing her child's bed, wept for the first time. She remained there long, looking out at the moon, then went quietly downstairs.

The dancing ended early, the people wishing to spare themselves for the following Sunday, when the consecration of the new church would take place.

Martin drove the newly-married pair for three days longer, and Lorle always felt as

though she were but going on a journey, and would return home the following day, when all would remain as it was before.

If the betrothal had made a deep impression on Lorle, and but slightly affected Reinhard, it was the opposite with the wedding. Through the betrothal Lorle had appeared to the whole village as quite a different person, and for her, the tie was then irrevocably fixed. Reinhard, on the contrary, who was related with the world, now appeared to himself as quite a different man. United by an indissoluble bond with a being outside himself, he, who formerly was quite alone—he felt that the trees and mountains had new looks for him, that everything had acquired a new life, because he had begun another.

One of Lorle's peculiarities, due partly to her father's strict rule, but partly also to her compassion for men and animals, was, that she was in a state of feverish unrest directly the carriage was ready before the door.

"I feel as though I were harnessed myself," she said, answering Reinhard's remonstrances.

To cure her of this haste and unrest, Reinhard loitered more than formerly over starting, and each time Lorle excused herself to Martin for keeping him waiting.

The third evening, Martin set out from the Three Kings, in Basle, on his homeward jour-

ney. Deep sorrow filled Lorle's heart, at parting from her own carriage, and her black horse, and especially from Martin.

"Many thousand greetings to all at home," she said, "as many greetings as the carriage and horse can carry."

Lorle mourned over the parting, and to comfort her, Reinhard said :

"Be cheerful now. Let the whole world sink behind you ; I have raised you out of the stream of common life, we are alone, quite alone. Think no longer of home."

That day Lorle ate for the first time at the public table. Reinhard wished to divert her thoughts, and yet he was annoyed when he succeeded.

Lorle's neighbour at table, a cheerful, nice-looking young man, said to her :

"You are surely an accomplished pianiste, Madame ?"

"Indeed, why ?"

"Because pianistes use the left hand equally with the right. They frequently use it in greeting."

"No, I can't play the piano at all ; we have one at home my father wished me to learn, but I hadn't patience with it ; besides, I thought it an idle employment. My use of the left hand is only a bad habit."

The young man was extremely complimen-

tary, and with each fresh dish engaged Lorle in a fresh conversation. Despite Reinhard's efforts to join in the conversation, and draw Lorle to himself, the stranger soon brought her back to talk again, and frequently made her laugh aloud. Reinhard was firmly convinced that the stranger was laughing at her, although he had no grounds for such a suspicion; he was very angry, and yet had no opportunity of venting his wrath. Upstairs in their room, he explained to her that it is not right for a woman to laugh aloud at a public table, and that, as a general rule, it is not proper to speak with every neighbour.

Against the latter assertion, Lorle defended herself, declaring that if you eat from the same dish with a person, you must speak to him. Indeed, she pitied those who eat each for himself, like a sick man on his lonely couch. That she must break herself of being lefthanded, she agreed, although at a former period Reinhard had declared it pleasing.

"Are you angry with me now?"

"Why? You are so very good."

"You must also alter many things in me. You must not give way to me. We will resolve to better each other."

"We won't resolve, we'll do it," said Lorle. She lived and acted on the sure impulse of her

naturel inclinations, whilst Reinhard, animated by the best desires, placed the noblest aims before him, and in most cases, when it came to the actual point, acted on the impulse of the moment.

Now they went out into the beauty of the Alpine world.

Once, whilst watching the glow of the Alps, Lorle exclaimed:

"Tell me, Reinhard, tell me, is it more beautiful in Heaven?"

"Dear, good child, that I cannot tell."

"Don't say 'child,'" she exclaimed.

"Well then, 'my angel,' that is what you are. I know now what it is like in Heaven, for I have you by my side."

The setting sun shone on two happy beings in a mutual embrace.

Reinhard now had a willing listener. Whenever, in their wanderings, he explained the beauties of Nature, and the artistic points of view, Lorle was always pleased to listen to his words, even when she could not quite understand. At times she made a digression, remarking on the condition of the potatoes, and that the oxen were yoked quite differently to what they were at home. Although these remarks often cut asunder an animated investigation, Reinhard resumed them with patience. A peculiarity revealed itself in these

investigations. Hitherto, Reinhard had always employed the dialect of the country when speaking with Lorle—really without purpose, it happened naturally, it was pleasant and familiar to him. Now he often felt as though he had put his soul in masquerade; it was a dress foreign to a work-day. He felt that the whole world of reflection, of universal thoughts, had no true home in the dialect. All that was personal could be expressed in it, but nothing beyond. He therefore begged Lorle to accustom herself to use High German, and she promised willingly. She looked up at him in wonder, when he spoke so nobly. Once she said:

“You should have married a cleverer person than I am, or not married at all. But no, no one loves you as I do, you dear man.”

He now begged her to take an interest in everything he thought and attempted; she, full of humility, was ready to do whatever he wished. She often repeated softly many words he had used, and that had sounded to her very beautiful, so that she would be sure to retain them.

Since Lorle had worn a bonnet, the sun tormented her far more than when she went about bare-headed, yet almost every time she went out she forgot her sunshade, frequently it had to be fetched for her, and when not

using it, she often let it fall. She was sorry when Reinhard gallantly picked it up for her, and tied it securely to her wrist. She could scarcely move with her large shawl, and her scarf was little better; so, as soon as they were outside the town, she tied the former together behind her back, and fastened the latter on one side, like a knight's scarf. She would never let Reinhard carry anything for her, indeed, she wished to carry his coat on their rambles, as the village maidens ordinarily carry the coats of their lads, on whose arm they have hung. So long as she wore gloves, she felt quite strange, she could not talk so well as at other times; she therefore removed her gloves as soon as she could. These trifles occasioned much merry raillery.

Lorle shed her first married tears on the Lake of Zurich, and they were over the new church at Wieszenbach.

Even before they set out on their journey, she could speak of nothing else. She said that now, on this bright Sunday, the church at home was consecrated. She saw nothing of all the magnificence that surrounded her. For a time Reinhard listened patiently, at last he asked her to look at the scene around. She became silent, and Reinhard moved to a solitary place in the boat. When the church bells rang out from far and near, he approached her, saying :

"Listen ! How beautiful !"

"Yes," she replied, "at home they are just going into church. Broni will wear her new cap, and Wendelin the new jacket that Barbel gave him."

"You are everlastingly thinking of nothing but your village," said Reinhard, angrily. "That is stupid !"

Scalding tears rolled down Lorle's cheeks, and Reinhard let her sit by herself for an hour.

In the evening she was made quite happy again, by his telling her they would now set out on their homeward way. He had arrived at this determination, feeling sure that Lorle would not feel at ease until she was in her own house, and he, too, longed for the quiet of home. For many years he had wandered about the world, free from all family ties, and he could scarcely comprehend with what tender, yet strong roots the life of such a maiden is fixed in the soil of her home. Now they would both take root together in a new soil.

But before this could happen, Reinhard must be properly adorned for his new position. At the last station where they halted, he had his magnificent beard taken off, for the Lord Chamberlain had intimated to him that such an appendage did not suit either his title or his position at Court. Joking, yet with a certain sadness, he adopted the smoothness required by eti-

quette. Lorle mourned much over the loss of the beard.

“You’ll never be so handsome again,” she said. “It’s all the same to me, but it’s a great pity.” Then she stroked his shorn face, and complained that it was so very rough.

“How your father would laugh if he saw it; he prophesied this,” said Reinhard.

Lorle had a dim foreboding what small narrow-minded surroundings they were about to enter; still, she did her best to cheer herself and Reinhard, and she succeeded.

CHAPTER VII.

BETWEEN HIGH WALLS.

LORLE was delighted at finding Barbel already installed in her new home. It was evening when they arrived, but Lorle immediately examined everything in this her new world. With ever-increasing happiness, she arranged almost all the articles that formed her dowry in the drawers and chests. How many unexpected things her mother had added; how good she was! Her father had not forgotten the old custom of sending a cradle, and Lorle blushed a fiery red on seeing it. She rejoiced over the full meal tubs, the numerous sauce-pans, and all the requisites of a well-furnished household that Barbel had brought with her. She wanted to inspect every pot in the kitchen, which would now be her own property. At first Reinhard tried to check her, then he went with her from kitchen to chamber, rejoicing in the happiness of his "dear little housewife."

Then, until late at night, they sat together on the sofa, and Reinhard told how he, an only

child, had lost both his parents early, how he had been brought up in an institution, how later, in opposition to his guardian's wishes, he had abandoned his studies, and devoted himself to art, and how, free of all ties, he had wandered through the world enjoying his liberty.

"Never," he concluded, "have I known what a home is, but now my deepest longing is fulfilled. True, I have bought it with a heavy sacrifice, for I have entered into service, but I gladly give up a part of my free artist's life to have a home and nest of my own."

Lorle embraced him, saying : "You will always be glad to be at home, you poor fellow, you have been so knocked about in the world."

The next morning the Collaborator came with his sister to welcome them. On the day of their wedding, he had decorated all the doors of their new dwelling with flowers, but when their arrival was delayed, the flowers withered and he took them silently away.

"And this will be the history of my own life," said he. "I twine my garlands too early for the beginning of the new life, the waiting flowers fade, and in the end the new world enters through undecked doors. Well, so be it, if only it may come."

Leopoldine, the Collaborator's sister, a woman naturally benevolent, but soured by years and misfortunes, had attended to every-

thing with true sisterly care. Such ordering and arranging was to her taste, but there was nevertheless no little real kindness in the work. Amidst the repeated thanks of the young married pair, she now led Lorle through the house, and showed her the use of each chest, how they should be kept in order, how to turn the key, how to pull out the drawers—everything. Lorle was a willing pupil, but to many things she remarked : “You needn’t tell me that.” She said this in all simplicity, being ignorant of the society lie that obliges a person to appear ignorant, to allow another the pleasure of showing wisdom. She wished to save this “kind person” any unnecessary trouble. But Leopoldine only saw in this a peasant’s pride, that did not like to be directed ; however, she was above taking offence at the village child, and continued to her her compassionate patronage. At the same time, she was really sorry that the “child” was bound for ever to so wild a nature as Reinhard’s.

The Collaborator was in a strange mood. He went through all the rooms singing and jesting, and attempted all manner of tricks. It almost seemed as though he wished to adopt Reinhard’s earlier manner. Early in the morning, he compelled Reinhard to have a bottle of wine with him, although his sister said it never agreed with him. As he paid

no attention to her words, she distorted her features into a highly unpleasant expression. Lorle noticed this with terror, but Leopoldine did not say another word.

When the "two bachelors," as Reinhard called them, had departed, it seemed to Lorle as though some strange life had passed through her rooms, as though the furniture stood differently to the way it had done earlier. Only little by little did the house again become familiar to her.

"Well, what do you think of Leopoldine?" asked Reinhard.

"What was once wine, is now vinegar," replied Lorle. ✓

Reinhard exerted himself to give her a more favourable impression of her visitor, and now, for the first time, he discovered a sharpness of discernment in Lorle that was inexplicable to him, and which, from the softness of her disposition, he would never have expected. He did not reflect that there is human love, that pronounces judgment rigorously and without partiality, but whose good-will remains undiminished even though it recognises the defects; and that, further, an open nature gives a momentary opinion as a judgment without reserve or pity.

Already on this first morning Lorle had had a battle with Barbel. The good old creature

had only laid the table for two, and no admonitions or entreaties could prevail on her to alter it. She maintained it was not fitting, and she forbade Lorle to mention it to her husband, for it would make him think her very silly.

At length the soup stood on the table. Lorle said grace silently, and as Reinhard neglected it, she repeated the prayer again for her husband.

As they sat together, Reinhard asked :
"Are these plates our own, Lorle?"

"Of course they are, whose should they be?"

"Juhu! Now if I break a plate, I shall not have to reckon with the landlord. They are my own, all my own."

He took a plate as he spoke, and threw it exultingly on the floor.

"It is one of a whole dozen," said Lorle.

"My dozen has only ten," said Reinhard, as he threw another to the ground; then, seizing Lorle, he danced with her round the table, singing.

"You are a wild fellow," said she, collecting the fragments. "I will fetch some more plates."

"No, we will eat together out of the dish."

"I am agreeable."

Barbel entered, having heard the noise of breaking crockery, but Lorle said :

“You needn’t bring any more plates to-day. We are going to eat out of the dish, it will be just as we do at home.”

Reinhard did not present his wife to anyone; but she wanted no one save him; he was her all. He made his first visits to his superiors, patrons, and acquaintances, but when they congratulated him on his marriage, he only thanked them, and turned the conversation.

Although an officer had been appointed to preside over it, the establishment of a gallery was by no means satisfactorily arranged. In the winter an Extraordinary Meeting of the National Assembly was to be held; it was intended to be a meeting to consider measures of finance alone, and was called together to vote money to build a palace for the heir to the throne, whose marriage was in contemplation; then the assembly would be asked to agree to a sum of money to build a picture-gallery. A project of a law about the irrigation of meadows was to give the proceeding the appearance of bearing on matters of public utility.

Whilst Reinhard, through his visits, obtained an extensive knowledge of Court affairs, Lorle at home could not get into the ways of town life. When everything had been cleaned and put in order, she prevailed on Barbel to

sit in the sitting-room with her. It required much persuasion, for Barbel, who had been in service for more than thirty years, had very strict ideas about what might be called her rules of professional life, and she did not lightly abandon them. She constantly told Lorle: "Masters are masters, and servants are servants." It was only when all doors were closed that she yielded, and remained with "Madam," in the sitting-room, but she always sat far away from the window, that she might not be seen from the opposite houses. If Reinhard, who had the door-key, returned unexpectedly, she immediately withdrew to her proper place; and every time required to be pressingly entreated to remain where she was. They might give her a privilege that was out of her circle a hundred times over, but she never regarded it as her right; permission must be granted afresh every time. She had a certain pride in not allowing herself to be drawn into a tone of familiarity. Her principle was: I give you the honour due to you, and you must give me the honour due to me. You must not make me sit at the table one day, and the next push me behind the door. Reinhard regarded this persevering demeanour as a peasant habit of standing on ceremony and he wasted very few more words on her. In his absence, she sat with Lorle,

and chattered assiduously. Although in a new quarter of the town, their lodging was on the third storey, for our far-reaching time builds high from the first outset of its plans.

"Oh dear!" Lorle once complained, "it is so high up here; suppose there were a fire; and I pity you so, having to go so far to fetch the water. It is most uncomfortable. Just look down now; it makes one feel quite giddy, and you can only see the tops of the men's hats. Well, the town-folk are very knowing, they build in the air, then it costs them nothing for ground, and at the same time they save a place for their fields. I shall not give Reinhard any rest until he buys a house of his own, where we can be alone, and not in a cage like this. Just see, now, we can only see the country when we look to the left, and even there, they have already laid great foundation walls. In less than a year we shall have nothing but stone walls about us."

Barbel, who at an earlier period of her life, long before Lorle was born, had been for six months in service in the town, could set "Madam's" views right on many subjects. Lorle would have liked to know about the people who lived under the same roof with her. She wanted to know who they were, what sort of housekeeping they had, how they lived, and what was their business. Barbel explained

that, once in the town, everyone kept the house door shut, and troubled nothing about one another.

But this failed to satisfy Lorle, and she complained :

"I should very much like to know how the rope-maker opposite lives. I haven't seen him sell anything since yesterday morning. And when I go along the street, I see the people sit in such very tiny shops, and no one buys anything of them; and I should like to know what they had to eat yesterday, and how they will get their dinner to-day. There are so many people go about, and one knows nothing about them, or what they do."

"You poor little fool, you can't know anything about them. At home, you can peep into every dish, but that won't do here. You see the people still live on, so leave them to themselves." Thus Barbel strove to comfort her.

In the house opposite, a girl played the piano, and sang all day long; the music was only interrupted at times, when a fair head appeared at the window, and looked up and down the street.

"She must be a nice housekeeper," remarked Lorle. "Besides, she can have no pleasure in the music on Sundays, when she hears so much of it in the week; and listen now, she is not ashamed to sing near the open window, so

that the whole street can hear her. How can her parents allow it!"

When Reinhard came home, he was mostly loving and tender. The more he looked into the working of the State machinery, and the life of the State servants, the more he recognised the constraint such a position imposed upon him, and the more he clung to the quiet peace that breathed in the atmosphere of his domestic life; there he breathed freely, and he wished to keep its peace unbroken, because for it he had sacrificed his freedom. When at times he looked thoughtful and troubled, and Lorle enquired the cause, he replied:

"Good child, you should not, and you shall not, know how confused and crooked it is in the world. You must not always ask why I am so thoughtful; a great many things pass through my mind. Be cheerful, and be glad that you know nothing."

"What you think I should not know, I will never ask," replied Lorle.

In their walks through the town, and beyond the city gates, they were almost always accompanied by the Collaborator. Lorle was always groping about her strange world, but could not find anything she understood.

"I don't know," she said one day, "the people in the town do not seem so cheerful as they do at home; unless it may be a shoe-

maker's boy, the people never sing or whistle when they go about the streets, they are all as silent as though they were dumb."

The Collaborator agreed with her, and said :

"The people imagine they replace song by thoughts, but it is not true."

Reinhard, on the contrary, tried to make her see that such a lack of restraint was not possible in the town ; and laid down the broad statement that true, healthful existence is not destroyed by this control, but is rather strengthened. The Collaborator opposed this doctrine with piquant examples of an opposite tendency, and here, as was often the case, there appeared a difference of opinion between the friends that caused Lorle much suffering.

If Reinhard wished to inspire his wife with esteem for cultivation, and to awake her admiration for things, of which hitherto she had no apprehension, the Collaborator immediately strove to destroy these notions ; for he was strongly imbued with an opinion to which in his discontent he sometimes gave expression, saying :

"We have run ourselves into a corner with our civilisation, from which there is no escape."

Lorle, walking between the two disputants, gained little fruit from these discussions.

Once she remarked : "I think even the dogs

bark less in town than they do in the village ; that is because they are more accustomed to men."

The Collaborator laughed : "Your wife possesses the most profound symbolism," said he.

Lorle, who had gained courage by this time, and was not so disconcerted over a strange word as she had been when at home, replied :

"You must not talk so learnedly when it concerns me."

The Collaborator forthwith explained how rich in expression her remark was, and sought to enforce his own contempt for this life energetically. Lorle, however, only said she did not imagine he could be so terribly wicked.

Once, when she complained that, through the new Court of Chancery that was being built opposite their house, the view of the open sky would be shut out, the Collaborator made her speech symbolic. Lorle understood him better than he thought, but it annoyed her to have her words twisted as they came out of her mouth, and made into something different from what she intended. Once, when they went for a walk after several days' continuous rain, she said : "It is much nicer in town, one is not obliged to walk through hedges, there are roads everywhere, and they are quickly passable again."

This time the Collaborator was silent about

symbolism. Was there something that did not please him?

Now, for the first time, Reinhard experienced the delights of home; at the same time he began to work diligently. Work makes even a strange room feel homely, how much more the home where we live in common with another. In the little room facing the north, that he had selected as his studio, he was completing the picture, "The New Song," that he had begun in the village.

Lorle was often with him, for he had said : "Come to me often when I am at work, I beg you; I do everything better when you are there, and your presence makes the work more pleasant. I do not want to talk to you, if I only see you it is enough. You are like sweet music in the room to me, through which everything goes on better."

Once, when he had finished his day's work, and she had been sitting in the room with him, he said :

"Do not sew or knit whilst you are with me; it seems to me as though you were not alone, not exclusively with me; but as though there were a third person present, and you were only half with me."

"I understand you perfectly, you needn't turn the matter round and round in that way," said Lorle, laying aside her sewing, "but my

hands must have something to do, so I must seize your bushy hair, and pull you about." As she spoke, she shook his head, with both hands, and then gave him a hearty kiss.

Their home life that winter was full of love.

Some little merriment also was not wanting. Lorle had the passion for scouring in an unusual degree. The floors of the rooms were now her fields, she could not plough them, but they could be scoured incessantly. Reinhard often preached moderation, but in vain. Once when he came home unexpectedly, and could find no dry place in the house, he took Lorle by the arm, and danced with her round the room, singing :

"In Schitzelputzhausel, da geht es gar toll,
Da trinken sich Tisch' und Banke voll,
Pantoffel unter dem Bette."

Reinhard also wished to open a new life to his wife outside their home ; he took her to concerts. The Collaborator accompanied her here willingly, she knew no one else. After one of Beethoven's symphonies, he asked her :

"Tell me, honestly, would you not have found a nice waltz pleasanter."

"Speaking truly, yes," replied Lorle.

The Collaborator approached Reinhard, looking radiant :

"You have a noble, and unique wife," said

he, she has the courage to confess openly that she is wearied by Beethoven.

Reinhard pressed his lips together, and when at home, he said quietly to Lorle :

"You must not let the Collaborator lead you astray. He has muddled himself reading books. You must not laugh at anything, or pass judgment on it, even if you do not quite understand it. There is not only a kind of music that goes so that our bodies can move to it, there is another kind that make our souls rise, and sink in joy and sorrow, that rocks them to quiet, that makes the soul free, and able to float above everything. I cannot explain it to you, but you will soon find it out for yourself; but we must always respect things on which so many great men have employed their whole lives. Only reverence these things, and you will soon find their meaning."

Lorle promised to keep a watch over herself,

At the last concert of the winter, when, after a piece of a music, the Collaborator asked her what she had been thinking of during the playing, she said :

"About everything, and yet I can't tell what. When the flutes, trumpets, and fiddles talk so with each other, and call to each other, and when afterwards they all talk together, it seems as if other creatures, different to men, were

talking together. And it is so pleasant to think of everything so quietly, it is as if one's thoughts went walking hither and thither on the music."

"Alas! murmured the Collaborator, "she, too, is growing cultivated."

The theatre, to which Reinhard took her sometimes during the first year of their marriage, gave her but little pleasure. The comic pieces seemed too foolish, and when the play was one of those complicated and entangled plays of intrigue, she felt as if she were in a whirlwind, that was pulling her this way and that, so that she had to hold herself fast as well as she could. But there were two pieces about which she talked for a long time afterwards. One was "The Mute of Portici." It seemed to her terrible that the principal person should be dumb whilst all the others sang. It was hard enough, she thought, that the girl should be deceived, she did not need to be dumb as well. That the fishermen should kneel down and pray when they had put the soldiers to the sword, just before the commencement of the revolution, seemed to her right, but she was dreadfully afraid that other soldiers would come and shoot them down. She was delighted at Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell." She sat in the private box to which Reinhard always took her, motionless, as one in a dream, with her hands clasped, and

throughout the piece, Reinhard could scarcely get a word from her. On the way home, she said: "My father must certainly have been like William Tell in his young days."

Reinhard made her promise never to speak of such things to anyone except him.

Lorle by no means took the world around her for granted. Precisely because she knew nothing of the traditions on which so much rests, everything seemed to her as if called into being for the first time to-day, and as if it were made for her, and she seasoned and salted it to her taste.

Reinhard soon gave up the attempt to introduce Lorle into the spheres of art and culture; and she had no longing for them. What was not before her eyes, for her did not exist. Reinhard soon found himself in the whirl of a world essentially new to him. He entered into that which in a special manner calls itself "Society," in which everything that does not belong to it is regarded as an indiscriminate and miserable mob. Through the peculiar barrenness of Society in elements of a renovating character, Reinhard became its adopted child. At first he regarded his attendance at the Salons—the name the little Residence bestowed on its assemblies—as a part of his official duties. It never entered his mind, how dull it must be for Lorle to remain at home

alone, for there were so many there, who, having made a *mésalliance* with a citizen's daughter, though not with a peasant girl, were forced to acquiesce in being regarded as bachelors.

At first Reinhard felt as if he were stepping from the open air into a close apartment. Those who are in it know nothing of the closeness of the atmosphere, but those who enter feel the oppression. But he soon moved in this circle as in his own world. Two circumstances contributed to bring this about with unusual speed. The Extraordinary Meeting of the States was convened. The Prince had often talked over his plans with Reinhard.

The first floor, in the centre building of the new palace, was to be adorned with views of the most beautiful parts of the country, which Reinhard was to paint in fresco, and in the frieze were to be pictures representing the manners of the country, with groups of figures in local costume. Reinhard was overjoyed at being able to carry out such a work, which would be the fulfilment of the designs of a life. He put aside his picture, "The New Song," and made a number of sketches for the new work.

The exhibition of these sketches gave a rich field for conversation, and through it, Reinhard was frequently the centre of interest to the company. But, alas! the States not only refused the money for the new palace, by an

overwhelming majority, but they would not sanction the erection of a Gallery, alleging that the poverty of the land was so great that they could not sanction that kind of expenditure. A sum sufficient to build a room over the stables that would serve as a gallery and to provide for Reinhard's salary was only carried by a majority of two. In return, the Government revenged itself by refusing the supplies for the improvement of the establishment of National Education, that had been agreed to at a former assembly.

A deep discontent took possession of Reinhard's mind in consequence of the former refusal, and this was strengthened by the conviction that representative government annihilates Art, which therefore can only find support in the Monarchical principle. Hitherto he had lived without any political opinions, but now they became a part of his existence. On these grounds he felt himself more at home in "Society," and soon another powerful motive was added.

The young Countess Matilda, a beautiful woman, who had just made her appearance, and was much talked about, bestowed her notice on Reinhard in an especially pleasing manner. She was entering into "the world" for the first time. She had grown up in retirement in her father's castle, for the Count, having married

the daughter of his steward, had for twenty years lived far from the Court. Now, for the first time since the death of his wife, Society was reconciled to him; his daughter was received willingly, especially as she was beautiful and a wealthy heiress, and it was confidently expected that she would atone for her parent's fault by a marriage suitable to her condition.

The Countess Matilda, who carried the fate of her mother deeply engraved on her heart, regarded herself as only tolerated in this circle, as a person of burgher condition, and she felt drawn towards Reinhard, as one in a distant land amongst strangers feels drawn to a companion from home. She was deeply interested in his bearing, which was so free and at the same time so confident; for, whilst violating none of the forms of Society, he still treated them with a certain slight haughtiness visible only to an observant glance. She remarked this to the Count de Foulard, who revered etiquette with a certain priestly devotion as though it were a sacred mystery. In truth this artificial and stiff formality of life only obtained a certain deference from Reinhard for a short time, then he gave himself up to that free bearing that belonged to his existence.

One evening, when the guests had sat down at various small tables, and the crowd of ser-

vants had arranged and provided everything with fairy-like celerity, the Count de Foulard said to Reinhard :

“The Countess of Felseneck expressed herself about you to-day in a manner full of the intelligence of a cultivated mind. “Artists,” she remarked, “have not only something god-like in their power of creation, in that they multiply the existing treasures of the world; they must also have something of a godlike patience to remain quiet whilst wise and foolish people chatter about their work.”

Involuntarily Reinhard turned towards the young girl, who was sitting at another table.

“If you wish to be presented to my cousin, I am ready,” said a smart officer of the Guards, who sat next him. The offer was accepted with thanks.

From that evening a peculiar relationship sprang up between Reinhard and Matilda. When they met at the Court or in the Salons, a certain calm feeling of security came over them ; however formal their greeting might be, it had something confidential in it, as though they had silently agreed to meet there. Each felt they must exercise a protective and careful hand, and make these hours, hours of enjoyment for the other. Each, to a certain degree, felt a responsibility for any misconception or mistake of the other. When Reinhard was

nailed in a corner by his patron, the Count de Foulard, with a conversation on art, Matilda experienced the greatest weariness, and scarcely heeded the curious and beautiful things that surrounded her. When the Countess had to sing, Reinhard trembled for her; and if one of her songs did not gain a suitable reception, he blamed himself for it. Although they preserved the strictest reserve towards each other, they were often engaged in conversations that expressed much feeling on both sides. Reinhard never praised her songs, though they were so full of soul, he only spoke of the beauty of the poetry and the composition; she could learn from that how deeply they had sunk into his heart.

Her cousin Arthur had said that Matilda could sing the national songs to perfection, and the Prince requested she would sing one. She stood awhile at the piano, and clenched it with all her bodily power, in order to recover her tranquillity. Then in bold notes she began a jodeling song of the mountains, clear and joyful as the lark that, with wings wet with dew, rises singing into the red glow of the morning. Now, for the first time, Reinhard praised her song, but Matilda was troubled. She felt, she complained, as though she had profaned and betrayed the sacred secrets of her native mountains. She regarded her song as dese-

crated by being sung as a curiosity amidst the glare of the tapers and the glitter of embroidered uniforms. Reinhard disagreed with her, and declared that what is truly holy, what we cherish in the depths of our soul, can pass through the world unnoticed and uninjured, but that which can be destroyed or deranged has no real truth in itself, and no real truth for us. Matilda was more composed.

She often wished that Reinhard would talk to her about his wife. She evidently cherished the wish to learn to know Lorle, but Reinhard was short in his communications, and without referring to it distinctly, he declined in a decided manner the suggestion that was never openly expressed. He regarded her desire as mere curiosity, and besides, he feared Lorle might not behave as he would wish.

The Count, at his daughter's suggestion, invited Reinhard to his house, and Matilda, who in society had an air of suffering and sensitiveness, appeared here as a happy child, full of the overflowing merriment of youth. She sang and played with skill and intelligence, and her drawings displayed uncommon talent. All the blossoms of the finest culture appeared here in the finest development, and when Reinhard remarked this, Matilda looked upwards with an air of devotion, and said :

“You should have known my dear mother.”

Sometimes they sang together merry and melancholy songs of the people, which, executed by such well-cultivated voices, had an impressive tone, altogether peculiar.

When Reinhard returned home after enjoying this companionship, the old drop of bad blood frequently stirred within him; his house-keeping seemed so narrow, so much after the fashion of a county town. When Lorle, with childish hesitation, expressed her thoughts and feelings, he rarely listened to her, and still more rarely did he take the trouble to complete and rectify them—he was weary of teaching the A.B.C. of culture. Now Lorle seemed to him peculiarly ungraceful; her hasty and robust manners were unlovely; she raised even the lightest glass with her whole hand and not with her fingers. Her movements in her town dress had a striking coarseness, she always walked heavily on the soles of her feet. Once he asked her to cultivate the swimming and waving gait, in which ladies move on their toes, but she only replied:

“I don’t need to learn that now, I have been able to run since I was a year old.”

Reinhard had no relations with the rest of the inhabitants of the town. He only knew later that many of them called him “the Courtier,” thinking by so doing they exalted themselves, though perhaps they would have been

no better proof against princely favour. Reinhard stood in a false position towards the few artists in the town. He had gained his position so entirely without preparation, some really believed he had obtained it through underhand intrigue ; others, through envy and disappointment, were led to pass an unjust judgment on Reinhard and his productions.

Thus, outside the Court circle, his only friend was the Collaborator, and he also was angry with him, and expressed his opinions openly :

“No man of honour,” he declared, “should allow a corrupt society to make an exception in his own case, so long as any trace of exclusiveness in general exists.”

The Collaborator had another reason for his anger with Reinhard, he disliked his trying his artificial gardening on Lorle, the fresh child of Nature. It grieved him on personal as well as general grounds. In the small and isolated, he recognised a universal law, a law of the world's history. Lorle was to him a type of the original form of humanity, the primeval completeness, in its perfection, undisturbed by the twofold forces of history and culture. He regarded it as a sin to torment her by leading her through all their labyrinths, without being sure that she would find on the opposite side, the outlet that leads back to free Nature. As she was, she was natural, and in Nature the begin-

ning and end are one. He maintained that in all ages, when original perfection approaches men in human form, they crucify it, and persecute it to death, because the presence of the absolutely perfect, that has, and will have, nothing to do with the trivialities amidst which men glide, must be an abomination to them. And yet history must be renewed and refreshed from time to time by such first men, who spring forth perfect from the fountain of life.

The Collaborator knew well that Lorle fell short of such high ideals; but he had an almost superstitious reverence for the originality of her being, in contrast with the unformed, struggling half-existence of civilisation. For him the oft-repeated expression that she was a child of Nature, had a deeper meaning; he invented it afresh for her.

Reinhard endeavoured to make Lorle and Leopoldine friends, he often took his wife to, see her, but Lorle always felt uneasy. Leopoldine had the superabundant flow of speech of the shop-woman. She could bring forward everything she had in her mind without reserve, as formerly she had brought out her patterns of caps. But with it, the experienced woman had a kind of resoluteness that, in reference to her brother, she employed in a manner that seemed to Lorle, in the present timidity of her mind, very like sharpness and hardness.

One remark of Lorle's greatly delighted Reinhard. They were coming away from Leopoldine's house, and she said: "What beautiful flowers she has, and in winter, too."

"You shall have some."

"No, I do not want them, I think I should not enjoy myself so much when spring came round again, if I had forced flowers in the room before they are outside." I would rather wait.

Reinhard was so pleased at this answer, that for a whole day he was once more the amiable person he was heretofore.

Lorle was pleased as a child with the knick-knacks on Leopoldine's table, but when Reinhard promised to buy her some, she replied:

"No, I would rather have something living; if we had a stable, I should like a goat, or a couple of pigs, but for my room, I should prefer a turtle-dove or a bird."

The next day when Reinhard went out, he took Barbel with him, and brought back a canary in a beautiful cage, and a bowl of gold-fish. Lorle was delighted, and Reinhard saw afresh how easy it was to make this unpretending creature happy.

One evening when Reinhard had been invited to a masked ball at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lorle went to take tea with Leopoldine. On the way, she said to Barbel, who accompanied her:

"I wish I could stay at home with you ; I often feel like an orphan child, pushed about here and there amongst strange people."

Barbel comforted her as well as she could.

Lorle entered the room trembling. Frau Professor Reinhard, Frau Chamber-vocalist Busching, Frau Over-revisor Muller, Frau Glove-manufacturer Frank ; this was the style in which Leopoldine introduced her guests.

Frau Over-revisor threw her head back proudly, she should have been introduced before the pensioned chamber-vocalist. The old singer was soon engaged in conversation with Lorle, and was soon on her favourite subject, telling of her early triumphs, and how she had been the first in that town to sing the part of Emmeline, in "The Swiss Family." Lorle said she also was very fond of national songs, but the singer's reply to her remark was soon overwhelmed ; for the sluices of conversation having been thrown open, all began to talk at once of the theatre, that is to say, of the domestic concerns of the actors and singers, and their love affairs. Imperceptibly the conversation turned to the masked ball held that evening. The Glove-manufacturer (whose whole establishment, consisting of the married couple and an apprentice, Leopoldine had raised to the dignity of a manufactory) could give the most definite information about the

entertainment. She complained that, were it not for the foreigners, particularly the English, there would be very few more gloves sold. Formerly, "a man of noble family" used two or three pairs in an evening; now, even the officers of the Guard, though they belonged to the nobility, only used new gloves for the first dance, and then, unperceived, replaced them by old ones. Frau Over-revisor replied: "I should be ashamed to trouble myself about such things."

The wrath of the glove-manufacturer broke forth at this rudeness, and she replied that there were many tradespeople who earned more than those holding official positions; everyone knew well that with them it was often pride without and emptiness within.

Leopoldine, who had committed the unpardonable blunder of inviting such a mixed company, set matters straight sooner than she could have hoped for, by the simple question; whether their masters would be at the ball.

"Who are our masters?" asked Lorle.

All looked at her pityingly.

"Why the Court, they are our masters," came the reply from all sides.

But Lorle replied: "Why are they our masters? They are not my masters. I am not a servant; I have my own household, and so also have you."

There was a general titter at such terrible

simplicity. Even Frau Over-revisor could not help whispering something to the chamber-vocalist who had been put before her. Lorle did not breathe freely again until the Collaborator came in from the beer-house, and indulged in all manner of jests.

"Never in all my life will I go into such company again," said Lorle to Barbel on their way home.

She felt deeply the wretchedness of such a life, where, instead of enjoying their own good wholesome food, people strained after the crumbs and dross of the great world.

During the evening Reinhard had to endure much pleasant teasing. He was perpetually haunted by two masks who wore the same peasant dress as Lorle had once worn. He was startled at first, for both the masks spoke the dialect perfectly; it was only when they unmasked, that he discovered one was the Countess Matilda, and the other her companion, a poor maiden of noble family.

When in the morning Lorle told him of the events of the evening before, he scarcely heard her, his thoughts were still dancing at the ball.

But his relations with the Countess Matilda made no further progress: they remained almost at the same point at which they had begun: chiefly because at the end of the season she returned with her father to his estates.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIFE OF COURTS AND THE BREAD OF PRINCES.

POOR Lorle led a solitary life, for Reinhard spent most of his evenings away from home, and frequently roamed about idly all day with the Court hunting-parties. He had arranged his studio in a large room over the stables, but as yet Lorle had never visited it.

The Prince had commissioned Reinhard to paint a recollection of the last fox-hunt; and on his objecting that he did not understand hunting-pieces, he received the answer: "Paint it entirely to your fancy; I willingly give the fullest liberty to Art."

In an incredibly short space of time Reinhard completed a picture that he regarded as his best. In a deep woody solitude, a fox crouched quietly beneath the old knotted boughs, and looked slyly around. The picture was entitled "Intelligence of the Forest." Reinhard carried his work in triumph to the palace. But, alas! it was universally condemned. "That is only a landscape," was the

remark that greeted his work, "we expected at the least to see the portraits of the principal sportsmen and their dogs."

So this was the "fullest liberty allowed to Art," and yet Reinhard held that the monarchical principle should be the one idea, the support of Art. He went away angry and discontented.

There was misery enough at home, too; and, in his profession especially, freedom from worry is necessary. Reinhard had lost much of that independence that finds support in its own consciousness. His social position rendered his recognition as an artist indispensable.

Barbel was ill, and Lorle fretted exceedingly, because in her zeal to perform her duties, she allowed herself no rest. Once Reinhard remarked that Barbel had better return home, but at this Lorle wept so bitterly that he had considerable difficulty in comforting her. He left her more and more alone, and when, as was frequently the case, he scolded her, she met his rebukes with stubborn sullenness. She had been humbly submissive so long as he had been entirely devoted to her. Often her whole day's work had been a waiting for his coming, and all her employments but temporary amusements until his return; but now, when he was unusually moody and taci-

turn, rarely speaking, except to find fault, or give an order, she listened to him in silence. This conduct often made Reinhard supremely unhappy.

Barbel noted with deep sorrow that the young couple no longer led a united life. She strove to comfort Lorle in every possible way, her principal consolation being : "All will go well again, when once you have a child."

At this, Lorle threw herself on Barbel's neck, and weeping bitterly, exclaimed :

"I fear, I fear that will never be. I have sinned deeply. I held on my lap a child, that represented the Saviour, whilst he painted it. I didn't like to do it, but he insisted. But, perhaps God will be merciful to me, and forgive my sin."

Barbel tried to talk her out of the idea, but unfortunately, she believed in it even more than the unhappy wife.

Once, when Reinhard was away for a whole day's hunting, Lorle indulged in the secret pleasure of assisting Barbel with the washing. At the wringing, she was the first to twine a ring, and Barbel was not slow to bring forward the washerwoman's superstition that she had twisted herself a cradle. On this, Lorle sprinkled a few drops of water in her face, and went into the parlour.

A whim of the Sovereign now brought Lorle

into contact with Reinhard's circle of acquaintance. Returning home one evening at an unusually early hour, he told Lorle that the Prince wished to speak with her, and that she must go with him to the Gallery the next morning. He wisely omitted to mention that they were curious to see the original of the Madonna.

"I don't want to go. I've nothing to ask of the Prince," replied Lorle.

"Indeed, my child, that will never do. The wishes of a Prince must be obeyed, or he is offended. People are not asked beforehand whether they will or no, so I promised for you immediately."

"If only he had a wife; but to go to a young, single man, just because he wants it!"

"How silly! It is quite proper, I am going with you," said Reinhard, sharply. Lorle looked up at him, and heavy tears hung on her eyelids. Reinhard took her hand, saying: "Don't be cross, be good; believe me, you don't understand these matters. Just do as I tell you, you can always do that."

"Yes, yes, I will, indeed I will, but I shall have to say something. If I have to speak, I don't know that I shan't say something foolish. I—I shan't know where I am, or what I'm doing."

After Reinhard had comforted her, she said: "If only you are satisfied with me, all is well."

I am content, and you will be contented also. But I do wish the whole world would leave me in peace, I don't want anything of it."

"And you are not angry with me any longer?"

"No, ten times no ; I will do what you want, only let me speak too."

Reinhard then went to the Collaborator's house, and asked Leopoldine to come the next morning, and prepare Lorle for the audience ; afterwards he joined the Collaborator, and went with him to the beer-house to which he constantly resorted, and where many young advocates, physicians, tradesmen, and artists sat at ease in a small room smoking, drinking, and talking. At first there was a pause of silent astonishment, on seeing the "Courtier" enter this circle, then the conversation was resumed. The deepest questions of the time and the condition of the world were here discussed with an acuteness and closeness and fire, that made Reinhard reflect that here there were freshness and vivacity, because each spoke of what interested him, and none aimed at mere amusement. It also occurred to him that more striking things were said on this one occasion in this ill-lighted room, than would be heard in a month in the most brilliant Salon. The loudness and coarseness of many of the utterances were new and strange to him, for he came from circles where people whispered and

smiled, but never wrangled or laughed. Here, also, the monarchical centre was not wanting, and strangely enough this centre was the Collaborator; his powerful voice and extensive knowledge secured him this honour without any etiquette. Reinhard remained longer than he had intended, he was, as it were, in a strange city: yonder, at Court, was a body of men full of real or imaginary interests, that never stepped out of its own sphere, and behaved as though it alone were the world, and thus the most trifling matters—speaking, or omitting to speak, a half, or a whole smile—became matters of importance. And here—a hundred paces away, lived men belonging to another age, who grew heated in argument, as though they had come from the Forum, from an assembly of the people, or were preparing for it.

When he thought of Lorle, he was seized with an inexplicable anxiety. He thought some terrible misfortune had happened at home, that the house had caught fire, and that any moment he would hear the alarm bell. Did he perhaps guess the heavy thoughts with which Lorle had sunk to sleep? When at length he reached his home, he breathed more freely; the oil lamp stood as usual on the stairs; he entered the room softly. Lorle was sleeping peacefully, he watched her for a long time, she looked so holy in her sleep, just as

she looked when he saw her in the arbour, except that now traces of sorrow were visible on her countenance, and her lips trembled convulsively.

An unusual thing happened. Next morning Reinhard rose earlier than his wife, and having found the key, laid out the clothes she would require. He turned over the drawers and trunks, silently praising her orderly habits. He rejoiced to think how grateful she would be for his care. He moved about on tip-toe, stepping as lightly as though he were buoyed up by some internal power.

When Lorle awoke and saw the clothes, she exclaimed :

“What have you done ? I beg you a thousand times, for Heaven’s sake, leave them entirely alone. Don’t be always thinking I don’t understand anything. You have upset everything. I beg you leave me alone to put things to rights.”

Inwardly Reinhard stormed and raged, outwardly he restrained his wrath, and walked into the parlour. He stood there some time in deep, nameless distress, his forehead pressed against the window-pane. Then, taking his hat and stick, he went quickly out. It was a beautiful morning, the flowers bloomed brightly in the palace gardens, and the birds sang merrily, heedless whose was the garden in which they

made so loud a noise, or whether the owner of the trees, on whose branches they rested, had a title affixed to his name. Reinhard saw and heard nothing; it seemed to him that some living person was whispering in his ear. The saying from Hebel's "Karfunkel" :

"Hark, hark, aweary, marriage for you is dreary." He strove to banish the words from his mind, but they returned continually, and spoke of themselves.

On returning home, he said to Lorle : "Let us be good tempered again."

"I am not angry," she replied.

"Well, it's all the same; I have been very wrong, but let there be peace between us."

And there was peace until Leopoldine arrived. She assisted Lorle to dress, taught her how to make a curtsy, and how to address the Crown Prince. Lorle appeared very docile, but the moment Leopoldine had departed, she tore off her cap and chemisette, saying :

"I won't go; no, I won't go! I'm not a simpleton, and you let them make a fool of me. I can see clearly enough when anyone makes me stupid, and then I grow worse and worse. I am so vexed and impatient—Good God! What will become of me!"

She wept aloud.

"Nothing," said Reinhard, sadly. "Nothing.

You shall be nothing but what you are. Stay at home, my good child."

"I'm not a child. I've told you that a hundred times already. Now, I'll dress myself reasonably, and you shall see I'll commit no impropriety."

At length they went together to the Gallery. Reinhard did not venture to give her any advice as to a rule of conduct. She shuddered at seeing the frightful state of disorder that reigned in his workshop; she would have washed and swept it, but was compelled to yield to Reinhard's entreaty that she would keep calm, and not soil her spotlessly white gloves. But her restlessness would not allow her to sit quiet for a moment; she was in a state of feverish agitation, she would show the Prince that she knew whether she stood on her head or her heels. Reinhard saw only too clearly how she would speak to anyone, be he whom he might. He marked her agitation with anxiety; he feared her powerful restlessness and flurry; for through it her manner would be sure to lose its wonted naturalness and inoffensiveness; but he had lost the curb necessary to restrain this humour, and could only beg of her to keep calm.

At last the Prince was announced, and they passed into the large saloon. Here there was a further period of waiting, and this summon-

ing, waiting, announcing and waiting again, tried Lorle sorely. She thought something most unusual must soon take place.

The Prince entered hurriedly in military dress, and addressing the curtsying Lorle, said :

“Welcome, Lady Professor.”

“Many thanks, my Lord Prince.”

“How do you like our town ?”

Disregarding Reinhard’s sharp glance, Lorle hastily drew off her gloves ; she knew she could talk better thus ; then she replied :

“When a woman is married, it must please her to dwell where her husband lives. It’s beautiful and clean here, but the houses are very high.”

“I have often thought,” resumed the Prince, “that the peasants must be the happiest people in the world.”

“There my Lord Prince’s Highness is wrong. That’s not true. My father says they’ve to toil harder than a day-labourer, and pay more taxes than a Baron.”

Reinhard felt as if standing on hot coals. It was an unheard-of thing to say to a Prince : “That’s not true.”

The Prince smiled kindly on her, then turning aside, said, thinking of the Madonna :

“I have seen you before Frau Professorin.”

“Oh, does his Kingly Highness remember

how little we both were? He's just eight weeks older than I am. I know his birthday quite well, we always had a treat on that day, every year at school. Does he remember how he came to our village? At that time he had long fair hair, and an embroidered collarette, turned down and plaited, Ah, Gott! for three weeks before that day we talked and dreamt of nothing else but that the Prince was coming through the village. There was no afternoon school the day before, and on the day, no school-work at all. We all stood ready with bouquets, and Martin was up in the tower, and as the Prince came into our bounds, all the bells were rung, and all the people fired off guns, and all us children sprang up, and the teacher cried: 'Still! Quiet!'

"Then the noise of the carriage was heard, and I wanted to push forward and see everything, but just then my apron string broke; Still I got ready in time, and then he came, and came close to us, and Lucian's daughter Babie recited a poem to him, and all us children cried: 'Vivat! Hoch!' and—r-r-r—the Prince was gone, and had his hat on again, with a long loop and tassel. Then we threw our flowers after him, and the Court carriages came and drove over them."

With visible emotion, the Prince replied:

"Had I known at that time that you were

there, I would have alighted. I wish you had been my playfellow."

"Yes, that would have been very pleasant. I was very sorry for him, he had such a sad life, never a moment to himself in the forest, or in the village. When he stayed on the Saline, he had only great, old people about him, and he was not alone a minute. Does His Highness know how a tree in the forest looks when no Court servant is near it?"

The Prince pressed her hand :

"You are an excellent creature," he said. "You are right, good lady, the youth of a Prince is a very weary time."

"Well, it's not quite so bad, but it may be borne. Looking at him, one doesn't see he's been so badly off. But I got my ears boxed on account of His Prince's Highness, and it has always remained in my memory."

"Why was that?"

"When His Highness was staying at the Saline, I went there with Barbel, and we stood outside the railings, and he walked inside in the garden. Then he let his handkerchief drop on the ground, and an aged man, with white hair, of those who were with him, sprang forward and picked it up, and Barbel said he would be ruined by such homage, and then I said : 'If I were a Prince, I would throw things away all day long, that old men, with

stars on their breasts, might pick them up for me.' Then Barbel boxed my ears, twice. Well, it did no harm, and now people say much good about his Prince's Royal Highness."

"You make me happy in telling me that my subjects think well of me."

"I never thought in all my life that I should speak with His Prince's Highness, but now I should like to say something more."

"Do. Speak openly and freely."

"Yes. Oh, if I could only say it properly! His Prince's Highness should only see what a terrible quantity of want and poverty there is in the land, then I think he could help it, and that he would."

"How do you think it could be helped?"

"Ah, how? That I can't tell. That's for his Highness, and his educated lords; they must know and arrange that."

"You are a brave and wise woman, I wish all the people in your village were like you."

"Father says, if brains were taxed, we shouldn't come off lightly. Now I hope his Highness may soon have a good wife; is it true he's soon going to marry?"

In the pause that followed, embarrassment and amused smiles passed swiftly across Reinhard countenance. That Lorle should address the Prince as "he," he recognised as the confused result of his usual title, but this was not the

worst : she not only committed the error of asking a question that the Prince perhaps could not, or might not wish to answer, but she spoke out plainly of a matter that even in the highest circles is only touched upon with the most cautious and diplomatic circumlocution, like a bucket hanging on the balance.

"It might easily be true," replied the Prince, "if I could find so nice and kind a wife as you."

"That's nothing," replied Lorle. "It's not fitting to make jokes like that, with a married woman. I know well that great lords like to joke and flatter."

Then Lorle perpetrated her most grievous offence, for she took her leave, saying :

"Now may God protect His Prince's Highness, he will have business to attend to."

Just as she extended her hand in leave-taking, the Adjutant entered with the news that the review was beginning. The Prince and Reinhard accompanied Lorle as far as the door.

"Herr Professor," exclaimed the former. Reinhard turned and stood as though electrified : as though every nerve was strung to attention, and the Prince continued :

"Do you know the most costly treasure of art we have in our Gallery?"

"Which does Your Highness mean?"

"Your treasure of Nature is the costliest."

This witty speech was, by the mouth of the

Adjutant, spread through the highest circles, and in consequence Lorle became for a few days the subject of general conversation.

This audience completed in a peculiar manner the secret rupture between Reinhard and the Court. He was offended that this visit had been arranged for a given time, in the series of appointments; whilst it had raised the most vital questions for himself and his wife. This he frankly acknowledged, but he did not acknowledge that he had lacked the strength of mind to withhold his domestic happiness from the gaze of the Court.

"At table Lorle said: 'The Prince is nothing like so proud as our Amtmann.'"

"How do you know that? You did not give him time to say a word."

"That's true. I got set off chattering, I was angry with myself afterwards, but it doesn't signify."

"You must gain more control over yourself."

"Yes, but what must I do?"

"Don't turn the sack upside down, and send everything out higgledy-piggledy."

Lorle was silent, she thought she had acknowledged her fault sufficiently, and that the last reproof was undeserved, the more so as she knew not how to deal with that kind of generalisation.

Reinhard, on the contrary, was deeply grieved that Lorle could not control her eager behaviour, even in the presence of strangers. He now thought that she had chattered more than was really the case. He was angry that everyone might look down on this *naïveté* with condescending kindness, and might perhaps laugh at it. He thought her open, confiding unreserved manner required the surroundings of a village, where a stranger is scarcely ever encountered; where the doors are always unfastened, where the people go in and out amongst each other, as in their own houses, and where, from youth up, each is acquainted with all the peculiarities of character and fortune of his neighbours.

A misunderstanding once indulged in, blinds so easily that, instead of respecting the unspoiled naturalness of his wife, from the token of high esteem lately bestowed on it, Reinhard bemoaned it as containing all the elements of repulsive stiffneckedness, and being at variance with all the influences of culture.

Lorle, too, without being able to make it clear to herself, felt more and more that she was in a world that was strange to her. The whole life of such an one, transferred from a strange place, and set down in a city as a wife, without any other connexion, is entirely limited to her household affairs. The world around is

nothing to her. Only a large and general culture can in such a case find connecting links that bind them to people who, although they move along remote paths, still cherish the same interest, the same impressions of life. Lorle often appeared to herself shockingly poverty-stricken in understanding; her quickness of perception and her cleverness only became apparent when she spoke of those she knew. At home, she had been far cleverer than she was here. Here, in the absence of common acquaintances, or of those generalities that take their place, she naturally and of necessity came to speak of her own peculiarities, or of herself; she could not do otherwise. She must move in this new region with something of freedom.

A lark formed by nature and habit to soar aloft in the wide regions of space, pouring forth its sweet song, may be taught to sing in its narrow cage, as it did when free, but it presses against the wires, and quivers its wings whilst singing, and is never tame. Every look that dwells upon, or examines it, excites it to wild tumult, and it strains, and dashes against the wires, it becomes wild, and tries to fly away.

Thus this last occurrence had perhaps planted deadly seeds on both sides, or had at least awakened the existing germs to consciousness.

Lorle had now to watch over a failing life. Barbel at length was unable to leave her bed. From that moment Lorle did nothing but attend to her faithful servant, and soon had the pleasure of seeing her improve. The physician said that perhaps the work tried her, and she missed the fresh air, and Reinhard urged that she should return home. To Lorle's joy, however, Barbel declared she would rather die where she was than forsake her young mistress. Reinhard now found his home less comfortable, he was annoyed at having an establishment where all the care was centred in the maidservant. He said nothing of this to Lorle, for he was firmly convinced she would not understand his feelings, that she would inevitably misunderstand him.

According to the physician's orders Barbel was to walk out a great deal; Lorle accompanied her sometimes, but it was also necessary that she should walk out by herself; when this was the case, she soon returned, saying:

"I cannot saunter about in that way; if I had a child to carry, it might do very well, but as it is I run along the alley as if I were in a hurry to fetch some wonder, then I come back empty, and I'm ashamed."

In the autumn, when the leaves were falling. Barbel was once more on a sick bed. A few days later, she was dead.

Lorle's sorrow was indescribable. Reinhard shared her grief, but it was too much for him when her lamentations for the dead were repeated over and over again, and seemed to have no end. And now he had to give his help and care, to remedy the defects of the new servant.

A very sad winter followed. Reinhard went less into Society, he was no longer a new phenomenon, and was also out of tune for such intercourse. When does Society care about a man whose heart is troubled? Society will have nothing but gaiety, even if it be assumed. High Society requires this more than all. It will not know a man, unless he is in a condition of prosperity and splendour. At first Reinhard was vexed at this neglect, but he was soon reconciled to it, as it freed him from so much trouble. Still, he did not remain at home; instead he became more closely connected with the Collaborator and his circle. The two friends often conversed about a plan for a series of satirical pictures. Reinhard sketched many clever pictures of the work, but the Collaborator never made any way in writing the text. When Reinhard could not avoid attending one of the assemblies of his former society, he left the company early, and came in his ball-dress to the smoke-laden room full of beer drinkers, where he remained until late into the night,

and then often wandered for hours with the Collaborator through the deserted streets.

Reinhard still retained his old footing with the Prince. He was never missing in the small circle that the young Sovereign gathered round him; and here he found no little annoyance.

"It is pitiful," he complained to the Collaborator on their nightly rambles; "I am often unable to restrain my indignation, when I see what a spirit of servility our Court displays towards foreigners. We, the natives, we Germans must be noble, or if of the citizen class, must possess undoubted talent, if we would gain access at Court. Yet every English shoe-black is admitted, because he wears a white tie, and speaks English. One must feel grateful if English is not talked all the evening to please the strangers. These travellers are right in regarding the whole of Germany as a single menial. Our Courts begin by throwing the national honour in the dirt."

"Let those who are up there on their worm-eaten platform, covered with old drapery, do as they please," replied the Collaborator. "The history of the world troubles itself about them no longer. Henceforth it lies in new paths, the old, frequented streets will stand empty. I am no friend of the English: I consider them the most godless nation on earth; in spite of their rigid Church establishment, and as a conse-

quence of it. Every Englishman, however, has a right to bear himself as a man of noble birth amongst us; the history of his nation is the history of his ancestors; the greatness of his nation is the greatness of each individual of the nation, whilst we are all private persons, those who have armorial bearings, as well as those who have none."

In such conversation the two friends often walked about until late into the night; the watchman stared in astonishment at the strange enthusiasts.

Lorle became more and more lonely. A nameless yearning, a home-sickness arose in her heart, but she strove not to let it gain the mastery over her. Often did she think of that hour succeeding her marriage, when she had vowed to God to submit joyfully to anything that might be sent her, since she had been so infinitely blessed. She now felt how hard it is to bear the sorrows of a long and weary life, in return for one hour of bliss. She lacked the strength for such a sacrifice, because she feared she had not the power of rendering him for whom it was made, happy. She longed for a kindly word from Reinhard. A little praise from him raised and strengthened her. She required that he, before all others, should recognise what she did. As Reinhard lost the dignity of self-consciousness in his profession

as an artist, she too seemed to lose her firmness of character. She listened for the voice of encouragement from without. Reinhard's troubles increased her grief; to her, he stood so high, so far above all other men, that she was angry with the whole world that so troubled and tormented him. Such submissiveness, such morbid compliance was evident in her care of him, that he often contemplated her in silent sorrow.

Why could he not be happy?

How often, weary and tormented, do we, in the small affairs of life, seek something we want with fear and anguish, and when our eye is calm, there it is lying clear and free before us. It is as though before some demon had blinded and distracted us. Is it thus on a larger scale through our whole life?

Reinhard tried to bring Leopoldine and his wife closer together, but Lorle declared she would sooner be alone, that she found it pleasanter. For long days and weeks, she sat by the bird cage in the window; knitting stockings, which she sold, and sent the proceeds to the poor of the neighbourhood.

At Christmas, she engaged in a new, and laborious, but for her elevating task. The servant told her that in the storey beneath, the wife of the Chancery-registrar, the mother of five children, was lying in bed ill of con-

sumption, and the family was overwhelmed with want and distress. Lorle did not know the people, she stood silently before the window for a moment, struggling with a resolution; then she went downstairs, knocked, said she must see the registrar's wife, and offered her help and assistance. The sick woman raised her wasted hands, and folded them in heartfelt gratitude.

Lorle did not waste much time in words, but went at once through kitchen and chamber and set everything in order. From that moment, she spent the greater part of her time with the sick woman and her children, who soon became much attached to her; she acted in everything as though she were the mother's sister. The sick woman was a person of calm, sound intellect, who understood Lorle's character, which she learnt to know, not by talking and conversing, but by her doing and acting. She had no presentiment of her speedy release, and often said how happy she was to have found such a friend, and how pleasantly they would live together when she got well. Lorle derived peculiar consolation from her affection; at last she had found a town-woman who understood and loved her.

In the meantime Reinhard's mind assumed a more and more gloomy shade of colour. Since the years of his university life, he had

never lived so much with the Collaborator as he did now, and the caustic spirit of the man of letters, that became sharper every day, exercised a disturbing and misleading influence over Reinhard's poetical and artistic tendencies. Whilst he was happy and free, he had been strong enough to shake off all disturbing agencies, now he was often overpowered by a melancholy and dejection such as he had never felt before, so that he seemed quite powerless. Did he try to begin or finish any work, he saw in it nothing but defects and incompleteness.

The consolation offered by the Collaborator was a very sad one, for it consisted of this reflection that, in our days, all that has healthful life in it can only be of a negative kind, therefore there can be no art, until a new and positive order of things has been established; that which to-day is regarded as art, consists only in reminiscences of an old and not yet wholly wasted positive world. These views he maintained with undeniable acuteness, and however earnestly Reinhard might contradict them, they still crossed and thwarted many a new design. He turned once more to landscape—the life of Nature stood firm and fast—but inwardly he mourned over the human life he had abandoned. Added to this, many claims were now made on him, and

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in the most unpleasant manner. He was obliged to compose a number of tableaux-vivants, sometimes for the court, and sometimes for the circles connected with it. He also had to arrange masquerades, and all this kind of work was a weariness to him. How could he impart to Lorle his struggles concerning the innermost affairs of his profession.

Formerly, when the difficulties of life pressed too closely upon him, he had flown from them, leaving behind him all the confused affairs, and buried himself in the mountains ; now he was bound fast.

Spring approached ; the Registrar's wife felt much more easy, but she was wasted away to a shadow. Lorle had many troubles by the side of that sick bed, especially with regard to the damsel who sang on the opposite side of the way. She sang and strummed away on her piano, although a fellow creature was suffering and dying close by. Lorle could not feel at ease in a world where joy and the pangs of death are next-door neighbours, and are yet as far apart as though they were in distant worlds.

Lorle tended the dying woman until she drew her last breath, then she closed her eyes. Now, again, she had laid a friend to rest in the earth, but the care of the children remained her constant duty. Throughout the house

and in the neighbourhood it was known how nobly and devotedly Lorle had behaved to the dead woman and her family ; through it she gained for herself much silent respect and love. She saw this expressed in many a salutation from lips that had hitherto been dumb, on many an occasion, when those who met her on the staircase or in the passage respectfully made way for her, and it refreshed her to the bottom of her heart. She often thought : "Men are, after all, the same everywhere ; only in the town they do not know one another. Perhaps yonder there is a good woman who would be glad if I came to her, yet we know nothing of each other."

Who would have believed that Lorle had a secret and permanent understanding with a strange man ?

The Chancery opposite the house was finished, and inhabited. Now when Lorle hung her bird out of the window of a morning, a window in the Chancery just opposite hers opened, and a man with thin snow-white hair appeared, and watered his flowers, that stood on the outer window-sill. Then he looked fixedly at Lorle until he caught her eye, when he gave her a kindly nod ; she answered by a similar salutation, and then instantly withdrew into her room. She could not be ungracious to the good, old man, he placed such beautiful flowers

opposite her ; and in return she sent the joyous songs of her bird into his silent chamber. One morning the old man removed his flowers, and holding his left hand inside the breast of his coat, stood looking at Lorle with a beaming countenance. Something coloured glittered on his coat, and when she looked at him he nodded twice. After that day, she saw him no more, nor did she know what had become of him. Had she read the Government Gazette, she would have seen that Over-revisor Korner had received an order, and had been named a Chancery Councillor. In consequence, he was transferred to the sunny side of the Government offices, and the first storey.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WINGS ARE OUTSPREAD.

A DEEP melancholy full of resignation rested on Lorle like a spell. Once she began to sing. but suddenly looked up as though she heard the voice of another; then she remembered that for weeks and months she had sung no song, cheerful or sorrowful.

The days of life pass by, whether we spend them in solitude, or in company; in sorrow or in joy they pass away like the shadows, and return not again.

Lorle was convinced that the guilt of their separated lives did not rest entirely on the want of the blessing of children. This had indeed covered, or levelled the ruin, but where two persons are all-in-all to each other, love can bear the most powerful test, and its strength remain undisturbed. Her own parents had remained for a long while without children, and Barbel had often told her that they had been just like two children together, they were so happy and contented.

One life often languishes throughout the whole of its allotted term, another rises in new and spontaneous regeneration; but to do this requires a lofty will combined with sustained strength of character. The sun and rain gently and gradually nourish and open the buds that the act of unfolding ripens; the storm and tempest cause them to burst open suddenly.

There are some men, who go peacefully on their way through life, and yet their hearts beat with redoubled vigour when they have unexpectedly to enter on a new path of life.

Lorle's life passed quietly along, she was a careful mother to the dead woman's children, and she rejoiced in this wider circle of duties.

As now Reinhard scarcely ever went out with her, she was glad to have one of them for a companion.

Reinhard had many troubles. He persuaded himself that his pictures were failures, he was also much troubled with a task that had been imposed on him of arranging a collection of engravings that had got into intolerable confusion. Added to this, in spite of his remonstrances, many a tasteless picture was bought, and his advice was only asked when the purchase had been agreed upon; his advice to employ native artists was unheeded, for they

wished to have foreign, and celebrated names in the catalogue.

For some time the Collaborator's manner had been strange and mysterious. No one guessed, however, that he had almost finished a work that would be at the same time scientific and practical, for it had reference to a scheme of law to be introduced into a Great State, which its ruler persisted in introducing even after the general obnoxiousness of the measures had been pointed out to him. It was proposed that in the dominions of this Knight, the English Sabbath and a rigorous Church discipline should be introduced. The Collaborator kept his purpose secret. He had so often declared he would do this, or that, and nothing had come of it. Now it should come upon them suddenly. He knew that the way to appear strong is often this ; to conceal previous intentions and valuations, and then suddenly surprise the world with the completed work. The way to the Hell of self-accusation and the condemnation of others is paved with good intentions. He laboured at his task with an energy he had never felt before, and he found therein a sense of elevation, that no thinking or feeling, be it never so deep, can afford. Devoting himself to saying the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he was also often animated by the thought of the effect he

would produce on the public, and thus he often received in secrecy the blessing of mental activity, the secret expansion of his inmost being and knowledge for the benefit of all, a blessing unparalleled on earth—the whole solitary life of an individual will consume itself, a sacrifice in the flames of thought, and then soar upwards out of them, unconsumed and purified.

The solitary enquirer was often exceeding sorrowful, there was so much in his heart that he could not reveal to anyone.

In the company of friends he was more silent than ever ; for he carried a secret about with him. He felt as if he could not speak frankly and openly about other things. There were many occasions in conversation when he had the desire to cry out : “Only wait until my book comes out, in which I have discussed all this, and made it clear !” As he could not, and would not say this, he remained silent. On the other hand, he could not help being so far influenced by these conversations as to immediately afterwards insert many an intermediate step in the reasoning, many an “epithat” in the style of the pages he had already written, in order to obviate misconceptions, and to supply deficiencies.

One afternoon Lorle went with the Registrar's youngest boy to the parade ground before the palace ; she intended to wait there for Rein-

hard, whose workshop could be seen from the guard-house. As she approached, a drummer stepped up to her with the words :

“God be wi’ you! What, don’t you know me any longer ? Only just look straight at me !”

“Good gracious ! Wendelin ! Why you’ve grown more than a head taller.”

“And you’ve not lost anything. You’ve grown quite strong, Lorle, or rather Frau Professor : that’s what one has to call you, isn’t it ?”

She extended both her hands to him, and in answer to many questions, Wendelin said :

“The spring after you went away, I left, and hired myself as shepherd to Count Felse-neck. Then one day our young lady, Countess Matilda, heard that I had come from Weiszenbach, and then I had to go to her, and she asked me all sorts of questions about you and Herr Reinhard, and gave me a gulden. From that time it was better for me at the castle. Whenever she rode through the fields—she rides beautifully—she came and talked to me. When the Count gave up his sheep, his cousin, who is first lieutenant in our regiment, brought me here, and now I’m the drummer. But I shan’t stay at that ; I shall learn to blow the horn, and after a year I shall be in the regimental band, and then I’m provided for for life. I’ve been here fourteen weeks, yet I’ve never once seen you.”

"Why didn't you come and see me?"

"If I'd known I might, and that you'd have been so good, I'd certainly have found you out before. I've had a sinful lot of things to learn; often my arms have felt broken off, and to-day I'm on guard for the first time. I take it as a good omen that I got a sight of you directly!"

Whilst the two were talking together, the Prince's Adjutant was with Reinhard giving orders about some transparency that was to be prepared for the Prince's approaching marriage. He now stepped to the window, and exclaimed :

"I say, there is your wife below, talking to a soldier."

Reinhard hastened down. Lorle did not know he was there, until he came quite close, and exclaimed in a harsh voice :

"What are you doing here? Come with me!"

Reinhard poured forth the most bitter reproaches about this shameful indecorum. Lorle could not get in a word. The band came up, playing a cheerful march, and Lorle felt as though she must sink into the earth: for there, before all those people, she was unable to restrain her tears. Fortunately, no one noticed her downcast countenance.

At last she managed to bring out the words :

"It was Wendelin; you know him, too."

Reinhard saw then that he had been too hard and hasty, but the indecorum was far too great to allow of his apologising.

Burdened with the uncongenial task he had to execute Reinhard returned home every day more gloomy and irritable. The next time he allowed himself to break out into invectives against Lorle, she said :

“Break everything, in the same way you broke the plates!”

Reinhard was silent ; his wife appeared to him unutterably mean, she had not been able to forget a piece of youthful wantonness committed years since. But Lorle could not speak to him more plainly. She wished to tell him that he was now crushing her, because she was his own. When speaking to Reinhard she could only find half expressions, a spell lay on her soul that she could not shake off.

Once as she went along the street with Reinhard, they passed a cart laden with hay ; she tore out a handful, saying :

“They are making hay now.”

“That is indeed a new and wonderful discovery,” replied Reinhard.

Lorle was silent, she could not explain how painful it was to be so far estranged from country life, and to learn the season of the year from a passing hay-cart.

An unexpected visit scared away for some

days the quiet uniformity of the little household. The Landlord of "The Calves" had often wished to visit his daughter, but, as has been said he was very disinclined to move; and now this piece of field work, and now that, had to be finished before he could travel; then he said he would wait for a christening, and so the time sped past. In her letters home Lorle had often let fall words expressing her yearning for home. From them it might have been gathered that the life she now led was still strange to her; her parents suspected this to be the case, but they would not believe it, and attributed it to their child's intense affection for them. From time to time Lorle excused her husband for not writing, saying he had so much to do.

Whether it grew out of some communication of Wendelin's, or from some other cause, the gossip went through the village that Lorle was unhappy, and was kept in the town as a prisoner. Now all procrastination and delay was at an end. The Landlord of "The Calves" ran about, snorted and clenched his fists, he was only sorry that he could not there and then seize Reinhard by the throat, and give him a sound thrashing. He travelled all day and night, and reached the town early in the morning; he then thought better of his course of action. He would first speak to Lorle alone,

and therefore waited until Reinhard had gone to his working-room. He paused several times as he ascended the three flights of stairs, and breathed hard. His blood was in a tumult: he thought his knees would fail him. That was a terrible journey.

The meeting between father and child was an agitating one. Lorle wanted to send for Reinhard immediately, but her father stopped her.

"Steady, now," said he, "I've a word or two to say to you first alone."

Lorle then gave an account of her mode of life. Her father wrinkled his forehead, and pressed his lips together, when he found that Reinhard only came home to dine and sleep: he declared plainly that there must be an alteration, and that he would "give the Professor a piece of his mind." Lorle begged and entreated that he would do nothing hastily, it would do no good: married people must settle matters between themselves; even a father can do nothing there. Then she put forward her views of the misfortune of her position, as follows:

"Look, now," said she, "things are quite different in the city. The misery is exactly this: here the wife cannot be with her husband, and help him in his work, each must be alone; at home, the woman goes into the fields with her husband, and helps him with everything."

Then she explained how very much Reinhard was to be pitied. He had so many claims made on him by the Court, and he found no pleasure in them. A mingled feeling tranquillised the Landlord's excitement. He admired his daughter's cleverness, and gazed on her with renewed pride; at the same time he rejoiced that Reinhard wanted nothing from the Court.

Meanwhile Lorle had sent for Reinhard, and he now entered, accompanied by the Collaborator. Thus the meeting between the father and son-in-law had a more distant character, which was perhaps a thing to be desired, as the Landlord's anger had not quite subsided; Reinhard was exactly the same as he had been of old, even in external appearance, as he had let his beard grow, for the English appeared at Court with beards of all possible shapes; it might almost be said, that his boisterous spirit had returned with his beard. He assumed his old, jovial manner towards his father-in-law, and Lorle rejoiced at this. She knew not that it was done through internal self-accusation, and that he now of set purpose and intention assumed a tone that in the old days had been spontaneous and natural; but he knew no other way of easily dealing with his father-in-law.

The Collaborator was especially friendly and obliging to his former host. Lorle reproached

him playfully for not coming to see her oftener; she did not guess that he kept away through fear that his pity and reverence for her might make his visits dangerous.

Thus the first hours of their meeting had, on the whole, a cheerful tone, and if later any of the party desired to let another tone replace the first, it was no longer possible, or at least, not in the same decided degree, for the first hour of friends meeting each other after long absence is the key-note that gives the scale for the whole course of their meeting. On the other hand, Reinhard was so pressed with work, or so he declared, that he had to give over the care of his father-in-law to the Collaborator.

Whether by accident or design Reinhard never went out in the streets in the daytime with his father-in-law, who naturally had come to town in his peasant dress. Lorie thought he expected and feared an unpleasant interview, and wished to avoid it, and she had nothing to say against this; she never suspected that he was ashamed of her father, such a thought did not once enter her mind.

The Collaborator was only too happy to accompany the Landlord anywhere. He not only rejoiced in the strong, shrewd, genuine character of the man, but he wished to prove to himself and others how closely he felt

himself identified with the people. He offered to walk arm-in-arm with him, but this offer was declined. The Landlord, on his side, found that in town the man of letters was much more simple and natural than he had been in the village, he therefore agreed very well with him. He once said:

“Every time I come to town, it seems to me as if I must fall down, it is so flat everywhere; there are no mountains here that I can hold on to.”

The Collaborator was delighted at this peculiar feeling of the inhabitant of the mountains, but he had learnt not to express the morals he drew from such remarks, having found that to do so is to check or divert the full expression of such thoughts.

The Diet was again assembled, and the Collaborator took his protégé into the society of the Liberal deputies. Throughout the city and still more in high places it was noted with displeasure that the Collaborator, a servant of the Government, who was expecting daily the next step in his career the appointment as Librarian, with an increase of salary, should join himself so openly to the opposition, but he troubled little about the hints he received. Had he reason to fear evil consequences from allying himself to men who, taking their stand on the ground of the Constitution, opposed

certain measures of Government, and laid down plans for the future? Was he a servant of the Minister or of the State?

The Landlord, whose district sent a Government member to the Diet, was, notwithstanding, treated by the head of the opposition with special distinction: not only because he was known always to vote on the Liberal side, but because in the future he might have the means of securing the representation of that district by the Liberals. In the stirring, earnest, and busy life that he led in this society, and to which he gave the most profound attention, the Landlord forgot, almost entirely the real reason that called him to town. Moreover, he now saw clearly that no action of his could alter matters, and he was glad to find something that occupied and elevated him in the aspect of public affairs. The Collaborator talked much with his protégé about affairs of State, but full of the subject he was just touching on in his writing he could not help frequently returning to the same point, that first, and above all things, they must have true religion established again, and do away with priestcraft.

"I never thought you were so pious," replied the Landlord, "but for God's sake, leave the priests in peace, there's no good in disturbing them, and properly they've only to do with the women-folk. We must have fewer taxes, and

we must have juries and militia, that is the principal thing."

No prayers of Lorle's could induce her father to stay with her while he remained in town ; instead he lodged with an old acquaintance, a baker, whom he had visited at times when he came in to sell his fruit, and who also kept an inn. He often made Lorle go there with him, and then they did not sit in the public room, but in the back parlour with the family. Lorle was delighted at finding here people as simple and frank as those at home, full of vigorous activity in the house and in the field. The Landlord gave his host an injunction to stand by Lorle whenever she should need it, and she promised to visit the baker's family very often.

The hour of parting drew nigh. Lorle could not shake off the thought that she was taking a long leave of her father, and that perhaps she should never see him again ; she said this when pressing his hand for the last time.

"Take care of yourself, father," she added, "and keep in good health, and don't grieve on my account."

"Little fool," replied her father, "I'm not going to die yet, and if I do die, you can feel easy, for you've never willingly caused me a moment's sorrow all your life long."

Lorle wept.

"Trust in God !" said her father, in strong,

clear tones, "and come very soon and pay us a visit."

He mounted the baker's little carriage, which took him half the way home, then Martin met him.

Once more Lorle lived on in her old, quiet, peaceful manner. The two friends, however, were greatly excited.

The appearance of a pamphlet of twenty sheets threw the whole city into an uproar. It was entitled: "The Sunday Devil in White Bands; or, a Shot at the Black," by Adalbert Reichenmaier." The preface was as follows: "Reader, a few words! I wish to lay bare religious hypocrisy to the knife of publicity. I wish to arrange moral petrifications in cabinet order. Come with me!"

The Collaborator, who formerly had held the opinion that it is necessary to leave the whole world of to-day to rot utterly away, had in this instance hooked himself on to the existing state of things, for he was now convinced that magnanimous airs of indifference to present things, are merely a mask for cowardice and self-complacency.

It was impossible not to recognise the depth and independence of the philosophical and historical investigation that appeared in this work; much, however, was put forth in an odd manner. They were the results, nakedly put

forth, of long conversations or discursive processes of thought, that could only be quite clear to those who knew the Collaborator. Then, again, close by these were propositions like daggers of steel wire hammered and welded together. One chapter, "Adam Kadmon, or Primitive Man at the Summit of the Epoch of History," in which the author set forth his views of the Redemption, was condemned by the superficial as mystical, because therein it was attempted to explain the regeneration of mankind by purely natural powers. We know a few of the fundamental lines of this peculiar view from the way in which the Collaborator regarded Lorle's character in antithesis with the efforts at culture. So far as these discussions extended into the depths of spiritual philosophy and history, they might have been inspired by that special contemplation; for who knows from what apparently remote suggestions the creative spirit forms its pictures and finds its source of knowledge?

Where the essay dealt with existing forms of social life, it rose to a pitch of eloquence, almost prophetic; here the writer's zeal flamed forth against that deformity and blindness that converts the highest happiness and freedom into a school of sorrow and a chain of slaves. Such writing excited the utmost animosity against the author. From the pulpits sermons

were preached against the reckless enemy of religion, and at the same time a prosecution was instituted against him. And now that ancient record in the secret book, and the register 14,263 was brought to light. That fact and this publication were brought into connection, and the Collaborator was accused of atheism.

Learned friends offered to defend him according to the forms of law, but he declined their assistance, and the defence that he set up formed the ground for a further accusation. Yet, despite all this, he went about happy and cheerful as he had never been before. What cared he for the disdainful glances, and the pointed fingers, that now marked out the man hitherto unknown and unnoticed? He felt now that he had to respect himself. The indescribable grief of his sister, Leopoldine, was the only thing that troubled him. On the very threshold of an assured future, her brother had wilfully dug up the path before him, and his faithful companion could not but grieve. She had numerous patronesses, and ran from house to house beseeching and complaining, until she learnt that it was in contemplation to put the son of the Director of the Consistory, who had just returned from the university, into her brother's place. From that moment she uttered no further word of complaint. With

wonderful strength and tranquillity of mind she now prepared to meet the worst, and was kind to her brother, whom she regarded as a sacrifice to family intrigue.

Lorle now sought out Leopoldine, and found with deep grief how wrong she had been in her judgment of her, who in trouble and sorrow displayed a noble mind and a loving spirit. Leopoldine, on her side, now recognised the warmth and tenderness of Lorle's heart. The latter once said :

"I do not believe it, but if it's true that your brother has written anything sinful, the Lord God will punish him and make him better. What has the Consistory to do with it? No king and no emperor can do that; God alone can bring us back to do right. But your brother's so good, he wouldn't harm a child."

The Magistrates held other views; the Collaborator was, by a sentence of unparalleled severity, condemned to six months' imprisonment, and deprived of his office. The ministers of State concurred in the sentence.

Reinhard one evening was *en petit cercle* at the Prince's palace, the guests stood in groups in the reception hall, awaiting their host.

The conversation turned unawares on the Collaborator's book, and a young Englishman remarked :

"Such shamelessness cannot be endured,

the disgraceful, unmeaning book should be nailed to the gallows."

Reinhard held himself in, and only said with an ironical smile :

"You are angry because the author calls the English the most godless people on earth, Sabbath Christians, who make formal reverence to the Lord their God every Sabbath, whilst all the week they are hard-hearted towards their own lower classes, and egotistical towards all the world."

"I admire your happy gifts," replied the Englishman. "There are men who have a peculiar power of attraction for paradoxes and trivialities."

Reinhard bit his lips, and grasped the breast of his coat convulsively ; as though he were grasping the bold speaker, who continued :

"The crack-brained writer understands not a single word of philosophy."

"So," remarked Reinhard, "you venture to pass judgment on that subject also ? Where the German mind displays its peculiar power, you dare to sneer at it. But although the whole world of fashion bows before you, and apes your gentlemanly insolence, there is something higher——."

"His Highness the Prince," was suddenly announced, just as the Count de Foulard was about to interpose between them. The groups

quickly separated, and formed front, on both sides, and the Prince passed between the lines, greeting his guests.

Everything now was suddenly stopped! The Countess Matilda had spoken truly when she said once to Reinhard that etiquette and the usages of society must often replace individual tact.

The Englishmen present made common cause, and tried to anger Reinhard by giving indirect turns to the conversation, to which, in the presence of the Prince, he could not reply. Reinhard now found an unexpected supporter in the first-lieutenant, Arthur von Belgern, cousin to the Countess Matilda.

When the company separated, Belgern said to Reinhard :

“You have thrown down the glove to the whole Court circle, and that being so, I willingly offer myself as your second. I and many others have long been indignant to see the assumption the Court allows to strangers. Had you shown a little more moderation, you would have gained the thanks of the best part of society.”

But Reinhard had not acted thus to gain a party, or oblige a coterie, he had given vent to his anger, and only regretted he had not done so more strongly. He would have been pleased had it lost him his appointment at Court.

When the challenge came the next morning, he received it joyfully, he did not, however, let von Belgern act as his second, but chose instead a young law-student; his first shot wounded his adversary in the right shoulder.

The duel caused a great sensation in the town; but the affair was hushed up out of respect for the place where the quarrel occurred. A voluntary ignorance in this as in greater matters was deemed the highest political wisdom.

Lorle first heard of it accidentally from Leopoldine, several days later. She shuddered at what had happened, and at the thought that Reinhard could keep it from her. She was more and more perplexed at the world in which she lived; there a good man was accused of blaspheming God, here her own husband staked his life upon a chance, like the toss of a penny. For many days she went about looking wonderingly in the faces of all the people she met, as though asking if the world were not coming to an end.

In Reinhard's presence, she was often absent-minded; then, again, she would look at him with pleading eyes, as though entreating: "Tell me everything. I cannot understand how you could have risked your life, that belonged to me, before the mouth of a pistol, without saying anything to me about it; and

even now, when the danger is past, I hear no word from you. Am I no longer anything to you?"

She often looked fixedly at him, without uttering a word.

Lorle helped Leopoldine as much as she could, but the grave, strong-minded woman was rarely at home; she guessed what would come, and to be prepared for any emergency, she had once more started her millinery business.

Lorle found most comfort at the house of the baker, where, according to promise, she went occasionally. Here she found a life full of work and cheerfulness; here little was heard of the hurly-burly that reigned in the other circles of life, it seemed as though separated from that other world by a wide ocean.

Lorle, who in former times had rarely left the house, and had sought for peace in herself, now went out frequently. She wished to forget herself; a great unrest had seized on her, she was like a bird, that from the earth sees the tree on which his nest was built, hewn down.

The ministers of State confirmed the sentence of the magistrates, depriving the Collaborator of his office, but remitted the imprisonment. In the back room of the little beerhouse, the birthday of Reichenmaier, the

private individual, was worthily celebrated. The man who had undergone this new birth was the orator on this occasion. In his speech occurred this remarkable passage: "Our masters are mistaken, they want to make us beggarly knaves, so that they may cry out: See, only the ne'er-do-wells are discontented! We will let them see!"

From that time forward, he studied more eagerly than ever. Many believed that he intended to bring out a new and more impressive book; but he declared he was not fit for an author. Instead he devoted himself entirely to his favourite study, geology. Once he jestingly remarked to Reinhard:

"I am a piece of Prometheus banished to the rocks, because I brought a spark of fire from heaven to earth, but I am not chained, and I shall not let my heart be gnawed away."

Reinhard was not only unfavourably regarded at Court, but also, so his friends told him, throughout the whole town. At the seat of government, which consisted mostly of military and officials, and where sources of income from trade were naturally lacking, that disease common to watering places already existed. Many people lived in idleness by letting their houses to foreigners, living themselves in the smallest rooms, and making themselves subservient to their lodgers in everything. In

their ill-humour, the English had nearly all left the town, and Reinhard was in the eyes of many a public nuisance. All this troubled him but little, yet he felt a kind of pricking and uncomfortable sensation in all his relations. Lorle suffered most from this, for in his discontent, he often said:

"I shall go to the dogs, if I remain here, I cannot stay, and yet I must, and I will."

Lorle knew not what to say; she begged that they might move to another town, but Reinhard would not hear of it.

In the midst of this confusion, Lorle received sad news. Her father had an apoplectic fit, and died. She wept bitterly at first, then, recovering her self-possession, she went daily to the church to pray for the departed. Leopoldine was a faithful friend to her in her sorrow. Once when she would have consoled her, by speaking of her own sorrows, Lorle said:

"He is dead now, but it seems to me, that he is only a little further off, where I cannot get to him, until God calls me. I think of him now, just as if he were still here. It's all one whether people are just so far from each other, or a little further. I'm sorry he has nothing more in this world, but he has the other world instead. I only grieve for my mother, my dear, dear mother."

Reinhard's visits home became rarer and more fleeting. He worked without intermission on his orders from the Court. He took a pride in showing that he bore no ill will, and knew how to be magnanimous. In the evenings, when his work was finished, he began to stupefy himself in a most sad manner.

Lorle felt an almost unconquerable longing for home, yet she would not go to her mother for a few days, she feared the meeting, the parting, and the return. She often felt like a bird that moves its wings, but cannot rise in flight. In her dreams, the brook in her native village seemed to take visible form, and pull and drag at her, to make her return home.

One evening in autumn, she sat at the window, looking at the swallows that now began to shoot more rapidly through the air, twittering as they flew, and greeting each other. Unconsciously she spread out her arms, she longed for wings that she too might take her flight, she knew not whither. The twilight fell, the evening bell rang forth. She could not pray, she sat on there in the growing darkness and dreamt she lay locked deep beneath the earth, and would never see the daylight again. When she awoke, she heard a voice in the streets, calling in deep, slow sorrowful tones: "Sand! sand! sand!"

"Oh!" she thought, "that man will not

go home even yet. He can't take his children bread, in exchange for the sand he's offering so cheap." She ran downstairs, and bought his whole cart-load of sand, so that he was provided for for many a day to come. The poor, careworn sand-seller thanked her with tears in his eyes. Returning to her room she pictured the delight of the family, when the father returned bringing food and money. Then, addressing herself, she said :

"You are most thankless, and you have so much that is good. You have your daily bread, and a husband, who lets you do just what you like. Ah ! he is so very good ! If only I could help him."

Opening her prayer-book, she prayed. She must have found words of strength and comfort therein, for she kissed the leaves of the book, and laid it aside.

How many fervent kisses already lay enclosed within its leaves !

Lorle now formed the resolution to wait until Reinhard returned home ; once more she would open the whole of her loving heart to him. Hour after hour passed, and he came not ; again she took her prayer-book, and read and sang in a low voice the prayers and psalms for all possible conditions of life. She rubbed her eyes, but she kept awake.

What a peculiar aspect of the world now

opened before her! The thoughts of men in all the varied conditions of life had now passed through her soul, and in all conditions, they sighed and stretched their hands upwards, "Can you not also save yourself, and soar away?"

Sunk in these thoughts, she sat and stared at the light. Midnight was long past, when at last she heard Reinhard ascending the stairs. She thought of going to meet him in the room. The door opened. Veil your eyes! A shape of terror, that once in sport you found so painful———now it is a reality!

"Dear Reinhard, what is the matter?" cried she in terror.

"Leave me alone, leave me alone," replied Reinhard, with heavy, stammering tongue; then, taking a step forward, he fell forward on the floor.

Lorle did not cry for help. She had perceived his condition and threw herself down beside him on the floor. Then she looked round with glassy eyes, that could not weep. A godlike being to whom she had always looked up with humble devotion, lay here sunk in the dust. "Who is guilty? He, I, or the world?"

At length she rose, fetched a pillow, and placed it beneath his head. He raised his arm, but it fell heavily by his side.

Going into her dark chamber, she threw herself on her bed, but no sleep visited her

eyes. Her thoughts were, as it were, chased hither and thither by mighty spirits, and pictures that no waking eye can see danced before her. The day dawned. Perceiving the approach of morning, she rose; Reinhard still lay in peaceful slumber. She dressed carefully, took her prayer book, opened it, but could not get on with her reading. The purpose she now had was the result of the decision of her character, of her independent resolve. A clearness and repose rested on her soul from the influence of the preceding evening, and a confidence, that had its roots in the depths of her peculiar life, put her whole being in a state of tension. She never faltered in her purpose. She stood awhile before Reinhard with folded hands, then left the room, and descended the stairs. At the Registrar's door, she paused and listened. All was still.

"God be with you, dear children," she murmured, and left the house.

The baker was greatly surprised when Lorle asked him to get his cart ready at once, to drive her home, but he agreed without hesitation, and there being no boy at home, drove her thither himself. She would not take any breakfast, nor would she hear of the baker waiting for his.

As they passed the parade-ground, a drummer stood there, beating the morning watch. It was Wendelin, but he never suspected who

was passing him thus in the early morning. A few hours later, a messenger brought Reinhard the following letter:—

“I bid you farewell, dear Reinhard, I am going home to my mother; I have thought it well over, but still I go. I thank you many thousand times for all the love, and the goods of this world, that I have received from you. It has been a beautiful and happy time to me. God is my witness, that if I had to chose again to-day, and I knew that I should have to live as long in sorrow, I should do it all over again, and go with you. It has truly been a blessed time to me.

“Suffer it to remain so; you will never bring me back to you again. That can never, never happen. It is good for you, and with God’s help, for me also. If you will send me my bed, and the two blue coverlets, I will say nothing about the other things.

“You must go out again into the world, I return home. You will soon forget your sorrow, but do not forget me. Farewell, an eternal farewell. Until death, your devoted

“LORLE REINHARD.

“Have a stone cross placed over Barbel’s grave as you promised. Farewell, eternally farewell. Thine faithfully.

“Forgive me that the paper is wet, I have wept over it. Farewell, and for ever farewell.”

AND THEN?

THE Collaborator is travelling as partner in a mineral business. Who knows in what mine he is now hammering and digging? We must give him the greeting, *Gluck auf*, and feel sure that he will find his way back again to the light.

In Rome, the wife of Arthur von Belgern, Lord of the Bedchamber, whose maiden title was Countess Matilda von Felseneck, asked after the artist, Reinhard, who had given up his appointment at the Court of——and had come to Rome. She could only learn that he rarely visited the town, but wandered mostly about the Campagna, and that there he was called, *Il Tedesco furioso*.

A woman in town dress moves through the village. Everyone welcomes her, and if you ask who she is, they will tell you with a grateful look, that she is the guardian angel of the poor. And her name? "She is called 'The Professor's Wife.'"
